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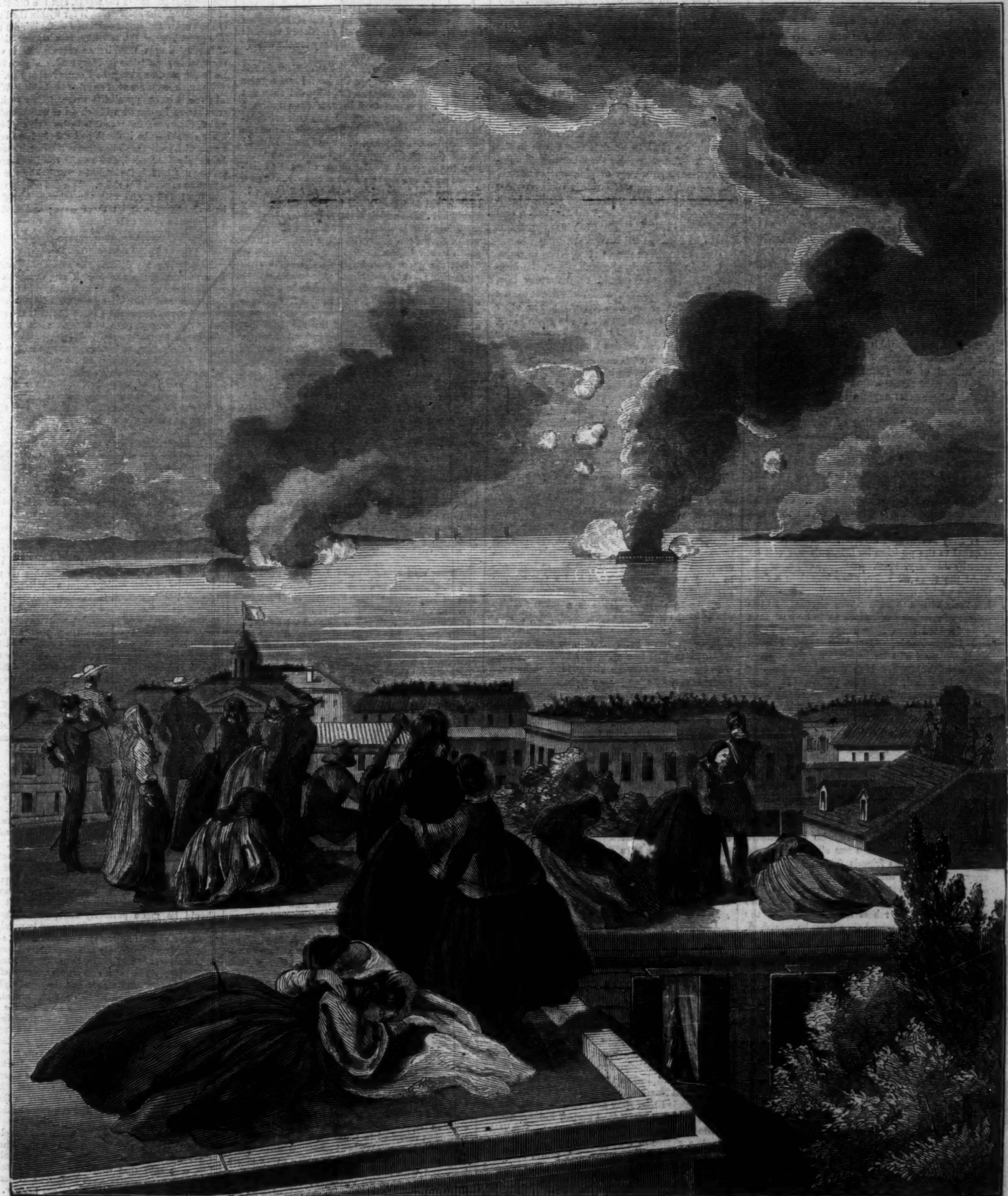


THE HOUSE-TOPS IN CHARLESTON DURING THE BOMBARDMENT OF SUMTER.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

The proprietors of *Harper's Weekly* beg to inform the public that they have dispatched an artist to the South, in company with Mr. Russell, the correspondent of the London *Times*. Another of their special artists is traveling with the Seventh Regiment; a third is now in Baltimore; and a fourth with the *Southern Army* in Virginia. They are making other important changes in *Harper's Weekly*, involving considerable expense. The present number contains many more pictures than any heretofore issued; succeeding numbers will be still richer in illustrations. In addition, the next number of *Harper's Weekly* will be published on better paper than has ever been used by any newspaper in this country. These improvements, it is believed, will render *Harper's Weekly* the best Illustrated Newspaper in the World.

In consequence of the additional expense which they will involve, the proprietors beg to announce that the price of *Harper's Weekly* is raised from five to six cents for single copies. The subscription price remains the same. The advertisement of terms, etc., will be found on the last page.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 4, 1861.

THE WAR.

THE WAR has now begun in earnest. The secession of Virginia, and the attempts of rebels to seize the Arsenal at Harper's Ferry and the Navy-yard at Norfolk; the bombardment of Fort Sumter; the investment of Fort Pickens; the seizure of the *Star of the West* by a Southern privateer; the threatened seizure of the Federal Capital by the rebels; the murder of Massachusetts men in Baltimore, and the refusal of Maryland to permit Northern troops to pass through that city to defend the capital—these facts explain the situation without further comment.

It is not now a question of slavery or anti-slavery. It is not even a question of Union or disunion. The question simply is whether Northern men will fight. Southerners have rebelled and dragged our flag in the dirt, in the belief that, because we won't fight duels or engage in street brawls, therefore we are cowards. The question now is whether or no they are right.

If they are wrong, and if Abraham Lincoln is equal to the position he fills, this war will be over by January, 1862.

At the time we write, after less than a fortnight's notice, nearly 20,000 Northern men have left their homes to defend Washington. In the course of another week as many more will have gone forward from New England, New York, and Pennsylvania. By 15th May, 100,000 Northern men will be in arms for the defense of the capital. By 15th June, this number can be increased, if need be, to 250,000. Any amount of money is at the service of the Government. The whole Northern people are of one mind on the subject; party divisions are obliterated; twenty millions of people place at the service of the Administration their lives and their money.

With such support and such resources, if this war be not brought to a speedy close, and the supremacy of the Government forcibly asserted throughout the country, it will be the fault of Abraham Lincoln.

We do not propose to re-echo the censure which the Administration has already incurred at the hands of its friends for its want of energy. We hope that in the future it will be energetic enough to satisfy every body. But Mr. Lincoln must remember that this is no time for trifling. The rebels have appealed to the sword, and by the sword they must be punished.

Baltimore should instantly be seized and occupied. Governor Hicks and Mayor Brown mean very well, no doubt. But it is evident they can not control the blackguards who are known as "Blood-tubs" and "Plug Uglies," and it is necessary that Baltimore should be held by people who can. Two columns—one from New York and Philadephia, the other from Harrisburg—should move on Baltimore, and hold it under martial law. In case of resistance, the city should be shelled. The more severe the methods the surer and more humane the regimen. Mr. Lincoln must remember that if we can not hold Baltimore we must evacuate Washington.

Baltimore secured—either as a city or as a ruin—the Government should operate on Virginia, on a base line from Fort Monroe to Washington City. Both shores of the Potomac must be secured; and this done, a column should move on Richmond. Richmond is important, first as the capital of Virginia, and secondly as the greatest dépôt of arms and flour in the Southern States. The entire rebel force is armed and fed, at this moment, by Richmond. It should be in the possession of the Government before 1st June.

A similar course should be pursued in the West. St. Louis, Missouri, Louisville, Kentucky, and Memphis, Tennessee, should be occupied by Northwestern troops, and the strong points on the river fortified. At least fifty thousand men should be scattered along the shore of the Mississippi, south of St. Louis, with a home reserve of an equal number to fill vacancies after battles. Kentucky and Missouri, we notice, evince a tardy sense of their national obligations. This is very good, as far as it goes. But Kentucky may as well understand at once that she can not occupy an attitude of neutrality in the present contest. If she is not for us, she is against us; and really, in the present temper of the North, people don't seem to care much which way she goes. If she is for us, we expect her riflemen in our ranks. If she is against us, in a few months Ohio will probably be arming 50,000 negroes who will have fled from slavery in Kentucky. It is hard to say which event would be best for the North.

It will probably take the whole summer to consummate these operations. But they can be consummated, if Mr. Lincoln and his advisers have energy enough, by 1st November. And by that time, the North, holding the continent from Richmond, Virginia, to Memphis, Tennessee, will be ready to commence operations against the Gulf rebels.

These should not be begun before November. It would be fatal to send troops South in the summer. A few frigates should cruise all summer in Southern waters to pick up privateers, and compel the Southern rebels to keep their forts fully garrisoned. In case of neglect, landings might be effected on healthy points, and fortifications erected. But the main operations should be deferred till November.

Then, two armies should move—one in transports from New York, the other down the Mississippi. The one should retake every fort, arsenal, custom-house, and post-office in the Southern States on the Atlantic; the other should move directly on Baton Rouge and New Orleans. With proper energy and suitable commanders, both armies would perform their work by New Year. The work would be sharp, but it could and should be done.

We desire, in conclusion, to present three considerations:

1. The war has now begun, and the trade of the year is as thoroughly ruined as it can be. We shall do no mischief by prosecuting the war vigorously. By prosecuting it vigorously we shall secure peace and a fair trade next year. By pursuing a lax, half-and-half policy, we shall probably involve the country in a ten years' war. Furthermore, this war, which wise men have foreseen for three or four years, should be settled now, for two reasons: first, because, if it is not, we of the North are stamped cowards beyond redemption; and, secondly, because we owe it to our children not to bequeath to them a quarrel which we had a fair chance to adjust.

2. As to slavery. This is a matter which concerns the Southern States exclusively. We of the North have never liked slavery. But the bulk of us have believed that it was not our business to interfere with it where it existed. The Government troops will not march into the Southern States under an Abolition banner. But if the South expect that our gallant volunteers are going to hunt the slaves who may run away as they approach, they labor under a delusion. If they expect that we are going to assist blood-hounds to catch runaway slaves, they are mistaken. Wherever the United States Army goes, local, municipal, and State laws will be superseded by martial law; and the Fugitive Slave Act is not to be found in the Army Regulations. Whatever may be the intentions of the Government, the practical effect of a war in the Southern States, waged by Northern against Southern men, must be to liberate the slaves. This should be well understood.

3. Lastly, we desire to caution Northern people against the fatal error of underrating Southerners. The Southern States, combined, constitute a powerful nation. Southern men are accustomed to the use of arms. The South is able to raise a great army; the men will all be found brave, and at least as highly skilled in military tactics as our Northern men; they have officers fully as able as we can muster. They have as much money as they need for the present. There are twenty-five millions of dollars at least in specie in the Southern States, and in case of need, Southern troops would take pay in bonds or shinplasters, however depreciated. They can raise plenty of corn, pork, and vegetables for their subsistence. They commence the war with a capital of thirty or forty millions of repudiated Northern debts. They are thoroughly persuaded that they are right, and that their cause is the cause of God and of independence. Some Northern people suppose that negro slavery is a source of weakness to the South. This is only conditionally true. A grate, scientifically filled with paper, dry kindling-wood, and good coal, is quite likely to blaze into a flame if a match be applied beneath. But until the match is applied it is as dead as a wet log. Who has asked the Southern slaves to look out for themselves?

THE LOUNGER.

THE TALK OF RIGHT OF REVOLUTION.

Do you, then, deny the right of revolution? reiterate some who have as yet no adequate conception of what is taking place in the country.

No, and again no, you exasperating but possibly honest persons, nobody denies the right of revolution. But do you believe in a revolution without cause? Is it enough that some people think they would prefer a different Government to justify them in trying to dissolve that which already exists? Do the people of this country owe no duties to each other? Mr. Wendell Phillips says: "Standing with the principles of '76 behind us, who can deny them the right?" Why, what are the principles of '76? Simply that when a Government oppresses and refuses redress the oppressed have before God and men a right to seize their arms and redress themselves, even at the cost of destroying that Government.

But the principles of '76 are any thing but a resort to revolution until all legal redress fails. Of course the discontented must themselves be the judge when they are oppressed; but if they refuse to take the lawful, peaceful, sanctioned methods of remedy and appeal to battle, they are the deadly foes of all mankind.

If the people of South Carolina or Georgia felt aggrieved by any thing in the lawful and regular operation of our Government, why did they not invite a convention to deliberate upon redress? Does Mr. Phillips forget that James Otis constantly declared that the remedy for the colonies was in the English Constitution, which had been violated? And he did this although all representation was denied to the colonies. But in our case the Constitution prescribes the very form of remedy, and each State had and has nothing to do but follow it. If that appeal had been made and had failed, there would have been a little better excuse for the effort to plunge the land into anarchy, and the orator would have been somewhat more justified in defending the rebellion.

But the great truth is, that under our system revolution must be considered always and utterly unjustifiable; because there is scarcely any conceivable harm which the Government could do which would not be preferable to the consequences of triumphant anarchy. And therefore it is that this insurrection is a rebellion *against* the people. It is the onset of a skilled and desperate faction, despotic and aristocratic in its very nature, against the peace and the will of the people of the United States.

No; nobody denies the right of revolution. But a pirate can not plead the principles of '76. A thief can not plead them. A burglar can not point his pistol and accuse us of breaking the peace, if we move to save wife and child and he shoots us. No; when every remedy which the peaceful course of law provides has been exhausted, then, but not till then, may you begin to talk of revolution and the principles of '76. Until then you are the mortal foe of all honest citizens, and, if you are many and dangerous, the continuance of society demands that you be put down at every cost, even that of your extermination.

THE FIRST GREAT VICTORY.

The great rebellion had counted upon the division of loyal citizens. Jeff Davis supposed that this war was to be fought and finished in the streets of the chief Northern cities. New York he considered his especial and trusty ally; and the moment his guns opened upon Sumter he believed that his course would triumph at the North.

He fired his shot, and lo! the echo from the North! He kindled the fort; but he lit every loyal heart in the land into a blaze! He took Sumter—seven thousand men took seventy. And at the same instant the great cause of civilization and Constitutional liberty took twenty millions of heroic hearts, and is this moment marshaling them for battle. The rebellion was sure that the men and money of New York would go for anarchy. But the men and money of New York have responded in tones that will wither the very heart-strings of treason. "Anarchy is no remedy for political disappointment. While you were true to the laws which are vitally essential to the welfare of all, we were true to you; but when you put down the laws, then by the grace of God we will put you down at every cost."

This was the chorus which the city of New York intoned on the 20th of April, and which is ringing through all the loyal States. Jeff Davis and his rebellious crew forgot that the New York merchants were the first to declare non-intercourse with Great Britain in the old revolutionary day, and that their sons were worthy of them. The rebels have made the same mistake at home that they have made abroad. As they believed that England would at once recognize the rebellion in order to secure a supply of cotton, so they supposed that the trade of New York would countenance rebellion to preserve peace. Did they think that a man builds his house upon a volcano that it may be stable? There can be no peace without civil law and order. The first necessity of New York is permanent quiet, and it knows that quiet can be obtained only by the most unflinching reliance upon law.

The rebellion, therefore, deprived of its chief hope, must strike out desperately and at once. If they had known this in Charleston, said a Southerner in the streets of New York when the Seventh Regiment marched to the field, things would not have gone so far. Without money, without ships, without a cause—except that which every pirate has—and with four millions of servile population which knows that the struggle springs indirectly from their condition, what can the rebellion do but plunge forward ferociously, and try to carry by terror a victory which it can not compel by force? Meanwhile the rebels know that, as surely as the sun rises, the honor of the country's flag will presently be vindicated.

WAR!

The great triumph of these days is that the American people outside of the rebels are not in the least demoralized, and that they are united in heart and hand in this struggle for the very existence of civil society.

The guilt of the leaders of the rebellion is unparalleled in history. For their own selfish and base purpose the hearts of thousands are to be wrung and the blood of thousands more to be poured out like water. Our best and bravest have marched away, with cheerful hearts and smiling faces. They will return to us victors or not at all, for they are heroes. But for the vast blight and desolation which now curses the land there are a few men responsible—a few men directing this colossal treason, by whose side Benedict Arnold shines white as a saint.

At this moment—it may be passed when the writing becomes print—the fear is the capture of Washington. By the treason of Virginia, which is the meanest treason of the whole, and the defection of Maryland, our chief point is far within the lines of the enemy and communication well-nigh cut off. The great hope of the rebellion is a sudden blow. If it can fall upon Washington successfully, it will move triumphantly across Maryland, and give battle to the patriots along the Pennsylvania line.

Meanwhile we are to remember that this is War. The rebels have appealed to arms. They seek to smother us in our own blood. Let us all understand, therefore, that war it is to be. Every loyal State should make it death to hold the least commerce with traitors. The coast of the South should be sternly blockaded, and as the rebellious army presses northward, it should be recalled by the destruction of Southern cities. You can not pat with one hand and strike with the other. War they have invoked; war let them have; and God be the judge between us!

THE FLAG A SYMBOL.

Nobody openly defends the rebellion, because it is not safe to do so. But if any man secretly sympathizes with it, not from treachery, but from ignorance and thoughtlessness, let him remember this—that the flag of the United States is the symbol of the Government which secures and protects him in all his rights and interests; and when he excuses the crime, he invites anarchy and the universal destruction not only of all property, but of all the guarantees of civil society.

Does any body seriously think that a man is absolved from his allegiance to this Government simply because he *says* that he is so? Is a thief, caught in the theft, to plead successfully that he does not acknowledge the law, that he has thrown off his allegiance? Is it unjust or unkind or cruel to defend the flag of our country against every insult and assault? Is it noble and magnanimous to spring to avenge it when some pirate nation in a remote sea insults it, and base to defend it when the men who have grown and prospered under it more than any nation in the world strike their hands at the flag and their fangs at the peaceful and happy system which it symbolizes?

A man so totally devoid of love of country as such a feeling indicates is a moral monster. He is a lump of inhuman selfishness. He has no more conception of civil society than a Hottentot or a Digger Indian. To him Thermopylæ and Marathon and Salamis—to him Naseby and Worcester—to him Lexington and Saratoga and King's Mountain, Lake Erie and Chippewa, are names without music or meaning. The heroic names of history, that shine all along from the beginning to our time, beacons of human hope and progress, are merely names to him and nothing more. He is incapable of that glowing emotion of patriotism which fuses all his thoughts and hopes into one burning passion of loyalty to his native land. And when the cause of that land is the cause of liberty and law and human welfare, such a being is not a man but a fish.

GO, OR KEEP STILL.

In a struggle so vital as this for the maintenance of law and the fibre of human society, there is no half ground. Every man is a friend or foe. Every man who, by word or deed, sympathizes with rebellion should be marked and watched, not for mischief, but to see that he does no mischief. One enemy within the camp is as bad as fifty outside. And at a time when the best citizens send their husbands, and sons, and brothers, and lovers to the war in which their blood will flow, whoever at home supports the traitors who shed that blood should be made painfully conspicuous, that his power to help the blood-shedders may be paralyzed.

At the same time mob-law of every kind should be sharply and suddenly and hopelessly repressed. It is not a war of vengeance, but of the maintenance of liberty. The calm and regular course of law, essential to human freedom and the equal rights of the citizens, has been withstood; and armed, irresponsible factions and furious men assume to be higher than the law, and wiser than the tried system of eighty years. Since, then, we are engaged in a holy war for rights and liberty and law, it must be our first duty and vow to show how loyal we ourselves are to law. Let every attack upon private property or upon individuals be as sternly discountenanced as treason and traitors. But if any man openly gives aid and comfort to the enemy, he must remember that the Constitution declares just that business to be treason.

There were plenty of men in the old Revolution, when the people of this country established the Government they are now defending and maintaining, who said that they thought the Americans wrong. Such gentry were known as Tories—and as such they are stigmatized in our history. But they went off. They went to Halifax, to the West Indies, to England, or they held their tongues. They were wise men, and those who resemble them in disloyalty to the American flag will be wise if they go to Europe or Asia, or hold their tongues.

THE HEROES WHO FIRST FELL.

IN Acton, a country town of Massachusetts about 30 miles from Boston, and near Concord bridge where the battle was fought in '75, there is a military company which is composed of the descendants of the men who fought and fell in the battle. Their commander's family name since that day has always been Davis. On Monday morning, the 15th April, the proclamation of the President of the United States calling for troops was issued. On Tuesday morning, the 16th, at one o'clock, the Acton church bell rang. The men of the town hastily assembled on the green. The President's proclamation was read, and the requisition of the Governor of Massachusetts; and at 9 o'clock that morning the Acton company was in Fanueil Hall, in Boston, ready for service. On Friday, the 19th April, the great day of the company's history, it was engaged in Baltimore; and the heroes of Lexington and Concord of '75 made place in glory beside them, for their sons the heroes of Baltimore fight in '61.

Nor is he less a hero who is the official civil and military head of Massachusetts in this solemn hour. Long foreseeing the inevitable result; personally acquainted with leaders of the rebellion, then ripening into full traitors; sprung of the blood which has been the seed of liberty and progressive civilization; an accomplished civilian; a man altogether of the higher type of the old Revolutionary leaders, Governor Andrews has been preparing, hoping against hope for a peaceable solution, so that the Massachusetts men could be equipped and forwarded at once. It was their happiness to be first summoned and first in the field. It will be their undying fame that, in the great struggle of us all to maintain the liberty our fathers won, they were again the first to fall.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A NEW MISERERE

(For this Year's Easter Service at the Pope's Chapel).

THE tottering state of Peter's chair,
Its shaky legs, its cushions bare,
All stuffed with thorns for soft horse-hair,
Miserere!

And the old man that filleth it,
Upon French bayonets forced to sit
(Galling predicament, admit),
Miserere!

The triple crown, now crushed and flat,
As e'er the shockingest bad hat,
Since Piedmont on it rudely sat,
Miserere!

The great Cross-Keys—that sign which showed
The oldest house upon the road,
Now desolation's drear abode,
Miserere!

St. Peter's bark, before the blast,
Upon a lee-shore driving fast,
With leaky sides, and splintered mast,
Miserere!

The Captain of that storm-beat craft,
Helplessly running fore and aft,
No chart—no compass—life-buoy—raft—
Miserere!

St. Peter's Patrimony fair,
Where once the Church had pickings rare,
Now reft from apostolic care,
Miserere!

St. Peter's sheep—whose fat increase,
Was ours, both mutton, wool, and grease—
Turned out for heretics to fleece,
Miserere!

Their shepherd, to the wolves a prey,
(Some in sheep's clothing, sad to say,
And others who their fangs display)
Miserere!

The cardinals, in fear intense,
Mustered for their red hats' defense,
Cut down from Peter's Pounds and Pence,
Miserere!

The friars, black, blue, brown, and gray,
Who slept pure cloister-lives away,
Now rudely driven to work, not pray,
Miserere!

Poor bats, broad daylight made to bear,
Poor moles, dug out to upper air,
Poor owls, from ruins forced to fare,
Miserere!

Our ancient wind-bags, pricked by doubt—
Our reverend shams, turned inside out—
Our pious frauds, sin's impious flout—
Miserere!

Austrian hopes now down at zero—
Grand-Dukes beloved by every Nero—
King Bombalino—youthful hero—
Miserere!

And lastly Bowyer (noble chief),
Who dares to hold the Papal brief,
'Gainst John Bull (cursèd be his beef),
Miserere!

A QUESTION FOR THE HOMŒOPATHISTS.—Like cureth like, say Hahnemann's disciples. Well, granted this be so, who will tell us whether an attack of the jaundice may not be cured by a small mouthful of *pâté de foie gras*, which every body knows is made of diseased liver?

DON'T BELIEVE IT WAS EVER SAID.—Theatrical anecdotes are generally very stupid—so are most other anecdotes—and one hates to see a Party getting into his anecdotage. What is the good, for instance, of telling this story. An actress who is a very great favorite with the gallery, was being complimented in the green-room upon the blackness of her hair. "Why, it's dyed," she replied, with the amiable frankness of the true artist. "Dyed," repeated the other speaker, "why, favorite as you are, you are not yet five-and-twenty." "No," said the lady, "but you know—

"'Whom the Gods love, dye young.'"

A QUESTION FOR DR. TAYLOR.

Why is a man who has made his Will like a subtle poisoner? Because he's a Test-hater (pronounced, cockney-wise, *Testator*).

A fiend in human form suggests that, in these days of patent candles and much writing, it would be well if some authors, instead of consuming the midnight oil, were to burn the midnight composition.

According to Drummond of Hawthornden, it was a remark of Dr. Arthur Johnston, on being told of a bishop who seldom preached, that he was "a very *rare* preacher."

JUVENILE PERCEPTION.

A Schoolmistress once asked a pupil to tell
What word the letters S double E spell?
The child was but dull, and so mistress cries,
"What is it, you dunce, I do with my eyes?"
"Oh yes!" says the child, quickly taking the hint,
"I know the word now, ma'am, S double E *squint!*"

LYING IN STATE.—A Queen's Speech.

A just but a severe man built a gallows on a bridge, and asked every passenger whither he was going. If he answered truly, he passed unharmed; if falsely, he was hanged on the gallows. One day a passenger, being asked the usual question, answered, "I am going to be hanged on the gallows."—"Now," said the gallows-builder, "if I hang this man, he will have answered truly, and ought not to have been hanged; if I do not hang him, he will have answered falsely, and ought to have been hanged." It is not recorded what decision he came to.

"Pray, Sir," said a person who had previously been the backmost of a crowd, to another who had just joined it—"pray, Sir, have the kindness not to press upon me; it is unnecessary, since there is no one behind to press upon you!" "But there may be presently," said the other; "besides, Sir, where's the good of being in a crowd, if one mayn't shove?"

A young clergyman very deficient in learning complaining to Dr. Johnson that somehow or other he had lost all his Greek—"I suppose," said the Doctor, "it was at the time I lost my great estate in Yorkshire."

"Sir, your account has stood for two years, and I must have it settled immediately."—To which the customer replied—"Sir, things usually do settle by standing; I regret that my account is an exception. If it has been standing too long, suppose you let it run a while."

The Rev. Dr. A—— and the late Mr. T——, of B——, were together on a scientific excursion in Perthshire. They were pursuing their researches on the estate of Dunsinane, which had lately become the inheritance of a gentleman named Mellis, but who had changed his name on succeeding to the property. "It is well," said Dr. A——, "that the laird has not been injured by prosperity; he is well spoken of." "He ought," replied Mr. T——, "since he has laid aside *malice* and is *done sinnin.*"

ARTIFICIAL MEMORY.—A humorous comment on this system was made by a waiter at a hotel where Feinaigle dined after giving his lecture on artificial memory. A few minutes after the professor left the table the waiter entered, with uplifted hands and eyes, exclaiming, "Well, I protest the memory-man has forgotten his umbrella!"

At a banquet, when solving enigmas was one of the diversions, Alexander said to one of his courtiers, "What is that which did not come last year, and will not come next year?" A distressed officer, starting up, said, "It certainly must be our arrears of pay." The king was so diverted that he commanded him to be paid up, and also increased his pay

A quack doctor advertises to this effect: "Consumptives, cough while you can; for after you have taken one bottle of my mixture you can't." We rather think we won't take any of that stuff until we find out what he means by the above rather equivocal extract from his advertisement.

EXAMINER. "Who was the strongest man?"
SMART BOY. "Jonah."
EXAMINER. "Why so?"
SMART BOY. "'Cause the whale couldn't hold him after he got him down."

In one of the States they passed an act that no dog should go at large without a muzzle, and a man was brought up for infringing the statute. In defense he alleged that his dog had a muzzle. "How is that?" quoth the justice. "Oh!" said the defendant, "the act says nothing of where the muzzle should be placed; and as I thought the animal would like the fresh air, I put the muzzle on his tail."

It is the opinion of the doctor that the lawyer gets his living by plunder, while the lawyer thinks the doctor gets his by "pillage."

"What do you call this?" said Jones, tapping his dinner lightly with his fork. "Call it?" snarled the landlord; "what do you call it?"—"Well, really," said Jones, "I don't know; it hasn't quite enough hair in it for plaster, but there's a leetle too much in it for hash."

"Weigh your words," said a man to a fellow who was blustering away in a towering passion at another. "They won't weigh much if he does," said the antagonist, coolly.

A burglar was once frightened out of his scheme of robbery by the sweet simplicity of a solitary spinster, who, putting her night-capped head out of the window, exclaimed: "Go away! ain't you ashamed!"

HONEY AND BUTTER.—The Rev. Dr. M—— was reputed for the suavity of his manners and his especial politeness toward the fair sex. Handing a dish of honey to a lady, at a party in his house, he said, in his wonted manner, "Do take a little honey, Miss ——; 'tis so sweet—so like yourself." A Mr. Mudie, handing the butter-dish to the host, exclaimed, "Do take a little butter, Doctor; 'tis so like yourself!"

"Dear Adolphus," said a fashionable belle the other day to her accepted suitor, "can you tell me the color of the winds and waves?"—"Oh yes," replied Adolphus, "for I have frequently seen it stated that the wind *blew* and the waves *rose!*"

A beggar, some time ago, applied for alms at the door of a partisan of the Anti-begging Society. After in vain detailing his manifold sorrows, the inexorable gentleman peremptorily dismissed him. "Go away," said he; "go—we canna gie ye naething." "You might at least," replied the mendicant, with an air of great dignity and archness, "have refused me grammatically."

A woman of a satirical mind was asked by her friends if she really intended to marry Mr. ——; adding, that Mr. —— was a good kind of a man, but so very singular. "Well," replied the lady, "so much the better; if he is very much unlike other men, he is much more likely to make a good husband."

An old lady, who had been frightened by the running of a horse, was afterward asked "how she felt when the animal was plunging?"—"Oh," said she, "I trusted in Providence *'till the breechin' broke*, and then I had to look out for myself!"

Should not our fair countrywomen take into consideration whether they do not begin to be agreeable a little too early, and leave off a great deal too soon?

A lady, somewhat advanced in years, whose vivacity sometimes approached the borders of impertinence, asked an old man, in rather a jeering tone, why he was always dressed in black, and what he wore mourning for?"—"For your charms, Miss," he gallantly replied.

Boswell complained to Johnson that the noise of the company the day before had made his head ache. "No, Sir, it was not the noise that made your head ache; it was the sense we put into it."—"Has sense that effect upon the head?"—"Yes, Sir, on heads not used to it."

A Scottish student, supposed to be deficient in judgment, was asked by a professor, in the course of his examination, how he would discover a fool. "By the questions he would ask," was the prompt and highly suggestive reply.

Put your money into a box if you like, but not a dice-box.

EQUESTRIAN BURGLARY.—The breaking in of horses.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A LETTER FROM THE STATE DEPARTMENT.

THE following important letter has been sent by Mr. Seward to Governor Hicks, of Maryland:

"DEPARTMENT OF STATE, *April* 22, 1861.

"*Thomas H. Hicks, Governor of Maryland*:

"SIR,—I have had the honor to receive your communication of this morning, in which you have informed me that you have felt it to be your duty to advise the President of the United States to order elsewhere the troops off Annapolis, and also that no more be sent through Maryland, and that you have further suggested that Lord Lyons be requested to act as mediator between the contending parties in our country, to prevent the effusion of blood.

"The President directs me to acknowledge the receipt of that communication, and to assure you that he has weighed the counsels which it contains with the respect which he habitually cherishes for the Chief Magistrates of the several States, and especially for yourself. He regrets as deeply as any Magistrate or citizen of the country can, that demonstrations against the safety of the United States, with very extensive preparations for the effusion of blood, have made it his duty to call out the force to which you allude. The force now sought to be sent through Maryland is intended for nothing but the defense of this capital.

"The President has necessarily confided the choice of the National highway which that force shall take in coming to this city to Lieutenant-General Scott, commanding army of the United States, who, like his only predecessor, is not less distinguished for his humanity than for his loyalty, patriotism, and distinguished public service.

"The President instructs me to add that the national highway thus selected by the Lieutenant-General has been chosen by him upon consultation with prominent magistrates and citizens of Maryland, as the one which, while a route is absolutely necessary, is further removed from the populous cities of the State, and with the expectation that it would, therefore, be the least objectionable one.

"The President can not but remember that there has been a time in the history of the American Union when forces designed for the defense of its capital were not unwelcome any where in the State of Maryland, and certainly not at Annapolis—then, as now, the capital of that patriotic State, and then, also, one of the capitals of the Union. If eighty years could have obliterated all other noble sentiments of that age in Maryland, the President would be hopeful, nevertheless, that there is one that would forever remain there and every where. That sentiment is, that no domestic contention whatever that may arise among the parties of this republic, ought, in any case, to be referred to any foreign arbitrament, least of all to the arbitrament of a European Monarchy.

"I have the honor to be, with distinguished consideration, your Excellency's most obedient servant,

"WILLIAM H. SEWARD."

HOW THE NORFOLK NAVY-YARD WAS DESTROYED.

The following account has been published: "On Saturday evening, at 9 o'clock, the *Pawnee*, arrived from Washington, with 200 volunteers and 100 marines, besides her own crew, and at once the officers and crew of the *Pawnee* and *Cumberland* went to the Navy-yard and spiked and disabled the guns, and threw the shot and small-arms into the river. At ten o'clock the marines, who had been quartered in the barracks, fired them, and came on board the *Pawnee*. This movement was premature, for it was the intention to fire all the buildings simultaneously. A party of officers, meantime, were going through the different buildings and ships, distributing waste and turpentine, and laying a train so as to blow up the Dry Dock. They were engaged in this work until 2 o'clock, when the train was fired. At 3 o'clock the *Yankee*, to the Captain of which, Charles Germain, much credit is due, came along and took the *Cumberland* in tow, the *Pawnee* taking the lead. All the vessels beat to quarters, the guns were manned, and every thing was in readiness to carry out the threat of Commodore M'Auley, that if a gun was fired from either shore he would level both Portsmouth and Norfolk. At this time the scene was indescribably magnificent, all the buildings being in a blaze, and explosions here and there scattering the cinders in all directions."

HOW THE "CUMBERLAND" ESCAPED.

The *Yankee* left the yard with the *Cumberland* in tow about 3 o'clock. The fleet proceeded down the river until 9 o'clock, when it came to anchor within a mile of the point where wrecks were known to have been sunk for the purpose of obstructing the navigation. Boats were sent out to take soundings in order to ascertain whether some other passage than the regular channel could not be found. All efforts proved unsuccessful, so the fleet raised anchor and forced their way directly through the wrecks. The *Cumberland* caught one of the sunken vessels and carried it along with her, and apprehensions were at first entertained that she might be carried on to Sewell's Point, where it was supposed that the rebels had erected batteries. Meantime the *Keystone State* came up from Washington with marines, and by her help and that of the *Yankee*, the *Cumberland* was towed into deep water and the wreck was disentangled. She then went up under protection of the guns of Fort Monroe and came to anchor. While the vessels lay there, four men, who had been employed in the Navy-yard, succeeded in making their way down the river, and reported that they left every thing in flames, and the smoke and flames could easily be seen from the *Cumberland*. The rebels, too, they reported were fearful of attempting to arrest the flames, because they apprehended that a train was laid to blow up the buildings.

THE TWO MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS.

The following telegraphic correspondence explains itself:

"I pray you to cause the bodies of our Massachusetts soldiers dead in Baltimore to be immediately laid out, preserved in ice, and tenderly sent forward by express to me. All expenses will be paid by this Commonwealth.

"JOHN A. ANDREWS, Governor of Massachusetts."

The Mayor replied as follows:

"*The Hon. John A. Andrews, Governor of Massachusetts*:

"SIR,—No one deplores the sad events of yesterday in this city more deeply than myself, but they were inevitable. Our people viewed the passage of armed troops to another State through the streets as an invasion of our soil, and could not be restrained. The authorities exerted themselves to the best of their ability, but with only partial success. Governor Hicks was present, and concurs in all my views as to the proceedings now necessary for our protection. When are these scenes to cease? Are we to have a war of sections? God forbid! The bodies of the Massachusetts soldiers could not be sent out to Boston, as you requested, all communication between this city and Philadelphia by railroad, and with Boston by steamers, having ceased; but they have been placed in cemented coffins, and will be placed, with proper funeral ceremonies, in the mausoleum of Green Mount Cemetery, where they shall be retained until further directions are received from you. The wounded are tenderly cared for. I appreciate your offer, but Baltimore will claim it as her right to pay all expenses incurred.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"GEORGE M. BROWN, Mayor of Baltimore."

To this the following reply was returned by the Governor:

"*To His Honor George M. Brown, Mayor of Baltimore*:

"DEAR SIR,—I appreciate your kind attention to our wounded and our dead, and trust that at the earliest moment the remains of our fallen will return to us. I am overwhelmed with surprise that a peaceful march of American citizens over the highway to the defense of our common Capital should be deemed aggressive to Baltimoreans. Through New York the march was triumphal.

"JOHN A. ANDREWS, Governor of Massachusetts."

BURIAL OF THE MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS.

A letter has been received by a gentleman in this city from a friend in Baltimore, of the highest respectability, giving a touching account of the inquest over the bodies of the two Massachusetts soldiers, killed on Friday last, and of their burial at Green Mount Cemetery. Their remains were followed to the grave by a number of respectable citizens, and the funeral services were solemnly performed by a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The writer declares that their death took place without the sanction of either the city or the State authorities—that their slayers were not *enemies* but *murderers*.

CONDITION OF BALTIMORE.

All accounts from Baltimore represent the condition of affairs in that city as most fearful. Irresponsible mobs, calling themselves Vigilance Committees, exercise a severe espionage over persons entering or leaving the city, and those who incur their suspicion or displeasure are treated in the most harsh and summary manner. Numbers of the people are flying from their homes and seeking safety in the country. The bridges over the roads connecting with Baltimore have all been destroyed, and armed parties are assembled to prevent their repair or reconstruction. Travelers coming North have great difficulty in getting from the city, and on the slightest pretexts are detained and subjected to hardships and indignities.

WHAT NEW YORK IS DOING.

New York has nobly responded to the call made for troops to assert and protect the honor of our national flag, and is fast drafting her military forces to the expected scene of strife. Eight regiments have already taken their departure for Washington, as follows:

Seventh regiment, Colonel Lefferts	1000	men.
Seventy-first regiment, Colonel Vosburgh	1000	"
Twelfth regiment, Colonel Butterfield	950	"
Sixth regiment, Colonel Pinckney	850	"
Sixty-ninth regiment, Colonel Corcoran	1000	"
Eighth regiment, Colonel Lyons	1000	"
Thirteenth regiment, Colonel Smith (Brooklyn)	700	"
Twenty-eighth regt., Col. Bennett (Brooklyn)	800	"

It will thus be seen that 7300 troops have left the city—no small share of the quota which is expected from the State—and a much larger number is in readiness to leave on receipt of the necessary orders.

WHAT RHODE ISLAND HAS DONE.

Since last Monday morning, Rhode Island has called and held a special session of the Legislature, appropriated half a million of dollars to fitting out troops, thrown 500 Rhode Island boys into Fort Monroe in Virginia, sent to Easton, Pennsylvania, a splendid battery of light artillery, which might now have been in Washington, had not its march been countermanded by the War Department, and she now has a regiment 1200 strong, with her Governor at its head, far on the voyage to Washington!

MAJOR ANDERSON'S TERMS OF SURRENDER.

"STEAMSHIP BALTIC, OFF SANDY HOOK, *April* 18, 1861.

"*The Hon. S. Cameron, Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.*:

"SIR,—Having defended Fort Sumter for thirty-four hours, until the quarters were entirely burned, the main gates destroyed by fire, the gorge wall seriously injured, the magazine surrounded by flames, and its door closed from the effects of the heat, four barrels and three cartridges of powder only being available, and no provisions but pork remaining, I accepted terms of evacuation offered by General Beauregard, being the same offered by him on the 11th instant, prior to the commencement of hostilities, and marched out of the fort Sunday afternoon, the 14th instant, with colors flying and drums beating, bringing away company and private property, and saluting my flag with fifty guns.

"ROBERT ANDERSON, Major First Artillery."

PERSONAL.

Hannibal Hamlin arrived in this city on 23d, from his residence in Maine. He has taken up his quarters at the Astor House, where he will remain for the present.

Mr. Evans, the editor of the *Baltimore Patriot*, has been driven from that city by the traitors, and arrived in Philadelphia. He declares he will return to the city if he can get a military escort.

Gen. Cass made a patriotic speech at Detroit, last week, urging the people to stand by the Union and the Government, and to rally to the defense of the National flag.

Cassius M. Clay, Minister to Russia, has offered his services to the Secretary of War, either to raise a regiment or to serve as a private soldier in the ranks. Mr. Cameron said to him, "Sir, this is the first instance in history that ever I heard of where a foreign Minister volunteered to to serve in the ranks." "Then," said Clay, "let's make a little history." A company of 100 volunteers was speedily raised and put under Clay's command.

Gen. Henry Wilson, U. S. Senator from Massachusetts, passed through our city last week on his way to Washington. He goes as a private in the Worcester regiment.

It is stated in the *Evening Post* that Hon. Gideon J. Tucker, Ex-Secretary of State, has become editor and part proprietor of the *Daily News* of this city. Mr. Seaver, the late editor, is a stanch Union man.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ITALY.

THE ITALIAN PARLIAMENT.

IN reply to an interpolation in the Chamber on the Roman question, Count Cavour said the Italian Government could only employ moral means, and can not act against Rome as a conqueror. He admitted that the solution of the Neapolitan difficulty was bound up in the Roman question, and hoped the antagonism of the Church would soon cease. He said the Government would energetically suppress any disturbances in Naples, and the most efficacious means would be taken for the solution of the Roman question. The Chamber finally adopted the following, almost unanimously:

"The Chamber, having confidence in the Government, and acknowledging the necessity for the union of Rome to Italy, in accomplishing which, however, the grandeur and independence of the Church and the Pope will be guaranteed, passes to the order of the day."

Count Cavour, in reply to a question, denied the rumors of an intended cession of the Island of Sardinia to France.

Arrests continue to be made in Naples of parties implicated in the recently-discovered conspiracy, and a searching investigation was progressing.

Reactionary attempts had been suppressed at numerous places.

AUSTRIA.

PROSPECT OF WAR.

A well-known correspondent of the *Times* points out the temptation to immediate hostilities. He says it is ruinous to Austria to wait until the Italian Kingdom is consolidated. A bold attack with two hundred thousand men would soon bring the Austrians to Milan and Turin. A pretext must be found, otherwise the French would again cross the Alps. This is the pretext: Austrian agents all over Lombardy are buying up the conges of Garibaldians, the price being about £12 each. Once a sufficient number of these conges bought up, a corresponding number of men can be easily put in red shirts, and be made to attack. Thus Austria will have a right to retaliate, and the Austrian Army will re-enter Italy.

RUSSIA.

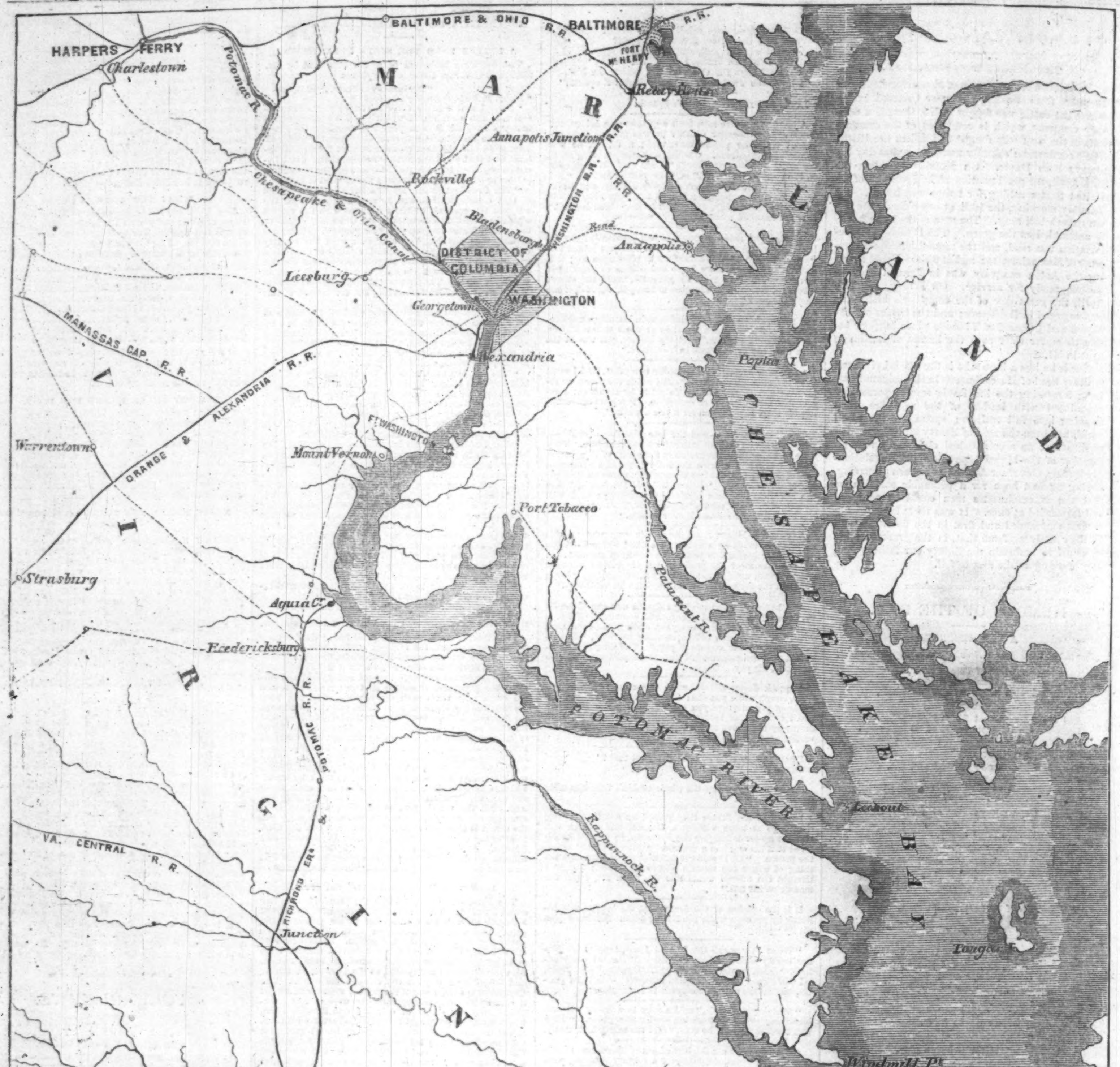
TROUBLES AT WARSAW.

The *Journal St. Petersburg* gives the following version of the renewed disturbance at Warsaw: Great crowds of people having assembled before the castle, were dispersed by force; the conflict was renewed several times. Ten persons were killed and as many wounded. Five soldiers were killed, and forty-five persons were arrested. Other accounts say the number of victims was larger even than stated in original telegram. Renewal of disturbances expected. The troops at Warsaw number 22,000 men.

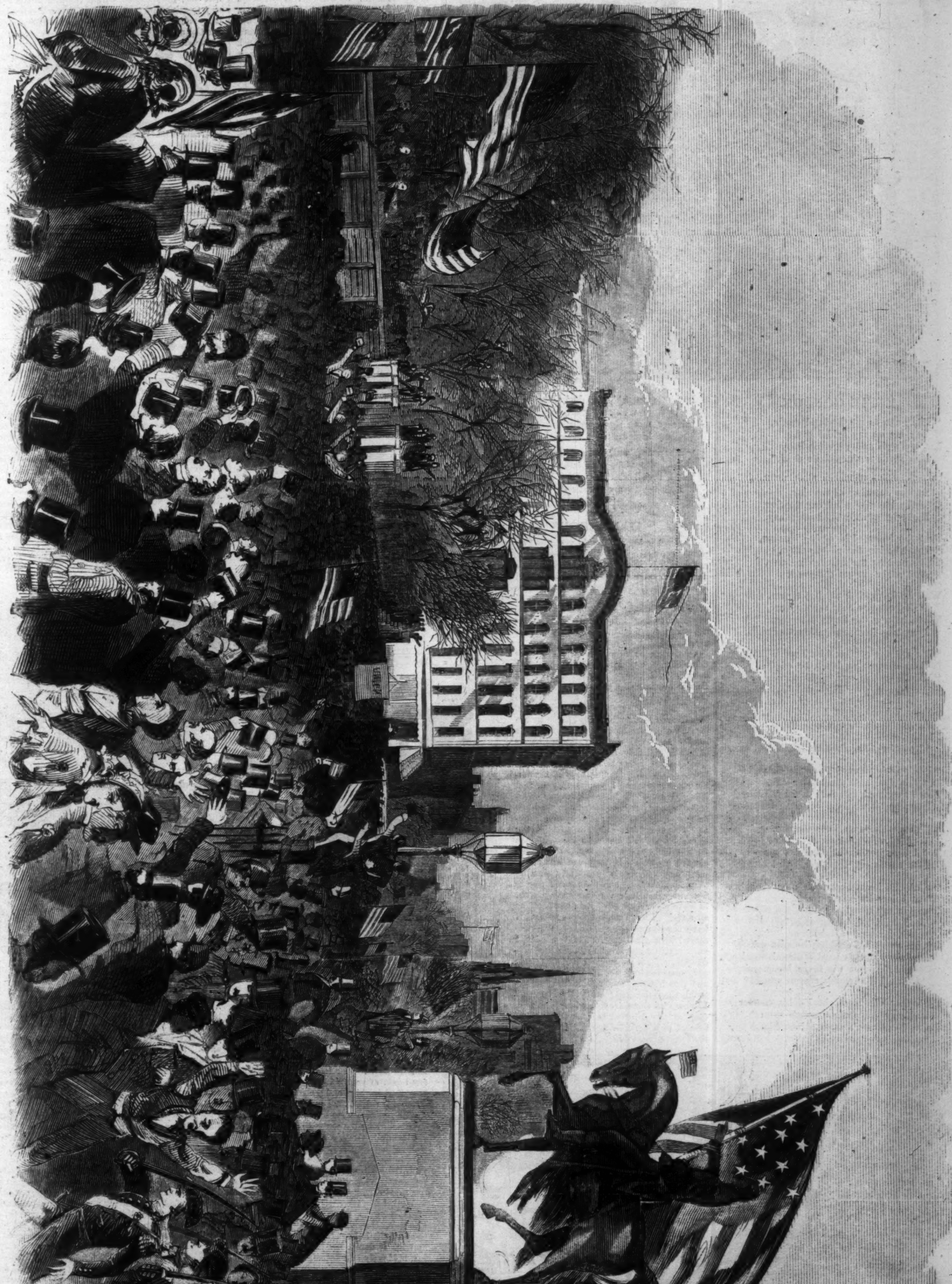
CANADA.

CANADIAN SENTIMENT.

The *Globe* of April 20 has a long article on the relations between England and the United States, advocating a sincere and firm alliance, forgetting all past differences, and says that the North has a just cause, that the permanent good-will of the American people is worth striving for, and that it hopes to see the rebellion put down and the traitors dealt with as they deserve.

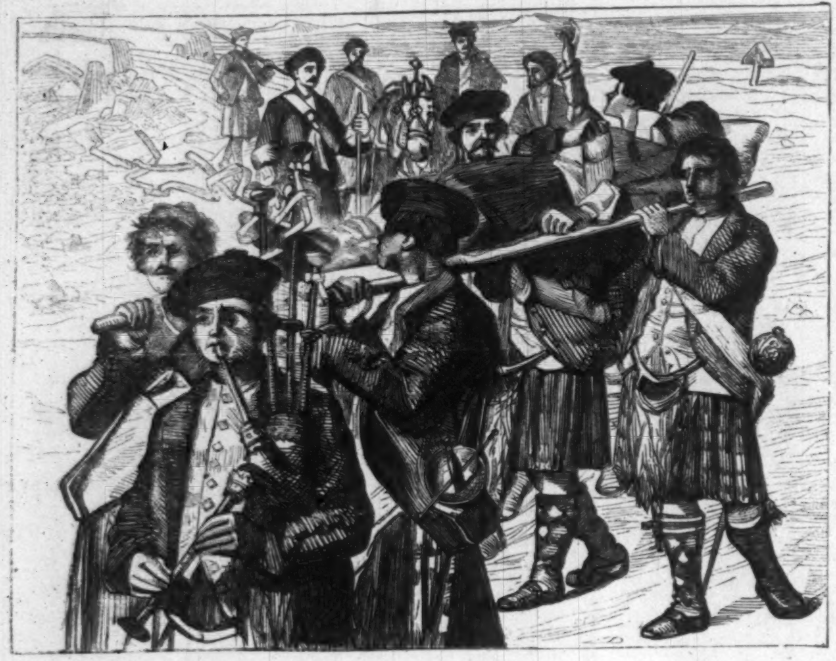

HARPERS FERRY
Charlestown
Potomac R.
BALTIMORE & OHIO R.R.
BALTIMORE
R.R.
FORT McHENRY
Relay House
MARYLAND
Annapolis Junction
R.R.
Rockville
Chesapeake & Ohio Canal
Bladensburg
WASHINGTON R.R.
Road
R.R.
Annapolis
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Leesburg
Georgetown
WASHINGTON
MANASSAS GAP R.R.
ORANGE & ALEXANDRIA R.R.
Alexandria
Ft. WASHINGTON
Warrentown
Mount Vernon
Poplar I.
CHESAPEAKE BAY
Port Tobacco
Strasburg
Patuxent R.
Aquia Ck.
Fredericksburg
POTOMAC R.R.
POTOMAC RIVER
VIRGINIA
Lookout
VA. CENTRAL R.R.
RICHMOND & FREDG R.R.
Rappahannock R.
Junction
Tangier I.
Windmill Pt.
RICHMOND
WHITE HOUSE
York R.
RICHD & DANVILLE R.R.
Pt. Walthall
City Point
New Pt. Comfort
PETERSBURG
Yorktown
SOUTH SIDE R.R.
C. Charles
C. Henry
ATLANTIC OCEAN
Ft. MONROE
NORFOLK & PETERSBURG R.R.
Hospital
NORFOLK
Portsmouth
Gosport
NAVY YARD
PETERSBURG & ROANOKE R.R.
Suffolk
SEABOARD & ROANOKE R.R.

MAP OF PART OF MARYLAND AND VIRGINIA, SHOWING THE PROBABLE THEATRE OF THE WAR.



THE GREAT MEETING IN UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, TO SUPPORT THE GOVERNMENT, APRIL 20, 1861.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



EFFIE GORDON.

"BEAR me to my lowland castle,
Lay me on my bridal bed,
Let my wife and winsome baby
Kiss my lips when I lie dead."

Up the glen rode brave Lord William
At the dawning of the day,
O'er the braes of blooming heather
Light he spurr'd his bonnie bay.

Past the braes of blooming heather,
Hard beside the gloomy Pass,
There he sees the bracken moving,
And a shadow on the grass.

Well he knew that waving tartan,
Well he knew that sable plume,
When he saw the fierce Macgregor
Bounding from the yellow broom.

"Draw the rein, thou false Lord William,"
With a mocking laugh he cried;
"Would ye win our Highland quarry
As ye won your Highland bride?

"Long I loved sweet Effie Gordon,
Bonnie blossom, fair and bright!
I had clasp'd her to my bosom,
Fickle heart, so false and light!

"Pricking homeward from the foray,
When I reach'd the border side,
There they told me, false Lord William,
Thou hadst won thy winsome bride!

"Now ye clasp *my* Effie Gordon,
Wedded wife with babe so fair!
But I love her, though she left me—
Left me to my heart's despair!

"And this heart that love must cherish
Till I lose its crimson tide,
Lying in my bloody tartan
Dead upon the border side!"

Out he swept his flashing broadsword,
Backward bounds Lord William's steed—
"Coward!" shouts the fierce Macgregor,
"Quick I'll stay thy craven speed!"

Brave Lord William check'd his courser
Half-way down the torrent's side:
There Macgregor's arrow struck him,
Drinking deep the fatal tide.

Loud he laugh'd, the dark Macgregor,
As from rock to rock he sped;
"Never more shall perjur'd Effie
Clasp him on their bridal bed!

"Weep and wail, false Effie Gordon!
Widow'd wife, with babe so fair!
Yet I love her, though she left me—
Left me to my heart's despair!"

DANGEROUS!

I AM not going to trouble you about things and people conventionally dangerous—the hawks and moles, the jays and stoats, which society nails up upon its barn-door plain for all folks to see. There they hang, and there I leave them. My business is with people of a very different class—people who are supposed to be "dangerous," but who are not—who don't look dangerous, but who are. And so *place aux dames*,

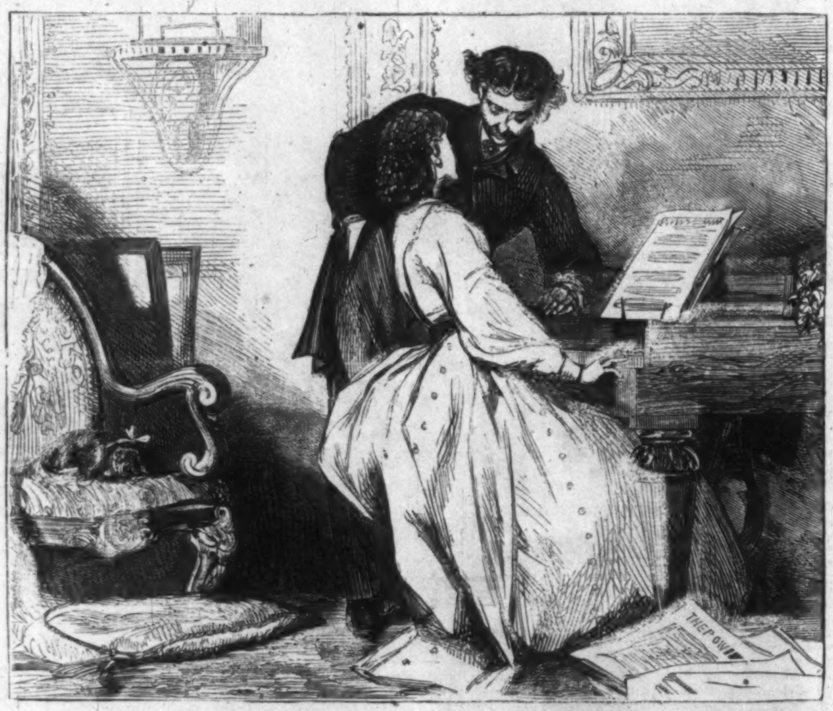
Of the genus *Fascinatoria*, the *Syrena Circalibra*, or circulating library Syren, is a very well known variety. It infests French romances in yellow wrappers, and the early works of young novelists who write about what they have not seen. The French variety is to be known by the locality of its dwellings and elegance of its furniture; the English, by the whiteness of its linen and the smallness of its boots. One of these latter is now conspicuously before the public, in the pages of a popular magazine; and I protest to you, that if any accident should happen to her washer-woman, or her boot-lace, there would be an end of the character at once and forever. She could do no more mischief, being in fact as powerless as poor Aladdin when he lost his wonderful lamp. The Syren always grows curls, they are invariably perfumed, and she is incessantly shaking them against gentlemen's faces. She is not unfrequently a very naughty person, in more ways than one; and she sings like an angel. I have made her my study. I have her—so to speak—stuffed, and preserved in a glass case. In all candor, I must say that she is a most unnatural production. I am led to class her with those gorgeous contortions of mother-of-pearl and tinsel which one sees in the fishing-tackle shops ticketed "artificial minnows." I know that there are fish who are fools enough to snap at the delusive bait, and am told that the sons of men may be angled for, with a hook, by the *Syrena Circalibra*. I have never met with one in my waters. If I ever do, I shall give it a wide berth. So will you. The snowy, lace-edged petticoat will not catch you, or the boots beguile. You will not be struck and landed, or break away and pine in some silent pool, trying in vain to rub a hook out of your gullet. No! this is not the sort of being which I label "dangerous."

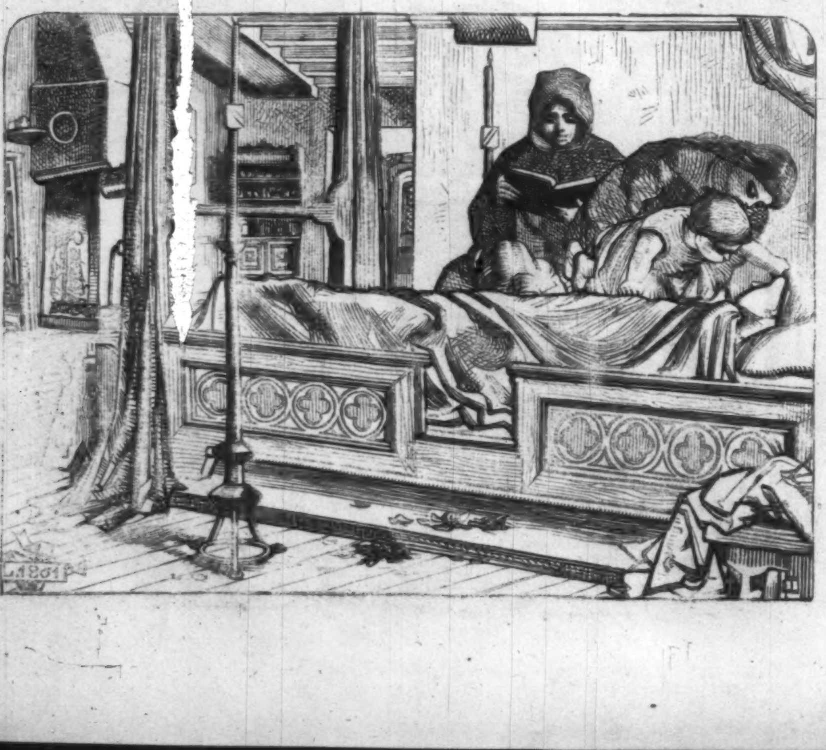
The *Virginia Saltifora*, or ball-room belle, is another specimen of the *Fascinatoria*, which is supposed to be "dangerous." She is to be found upon the back of songs, of the "Will you love me then as now?" order, and of dance music. She also frequents the fashionable novel, appears at Christmas in books of beauty and other annuals, and in May smiles upon you from the walls of the Royal Academy. Her dress and general "get-up" is something bewildering to behold. She is always in full costume—wreathed, white gloved, bouqueted, satin shod, silver sheened, clothed in white samite, mystic—wonderful! She requires the whole of the front seat of the carriage for the accommodation of self and flounces. She retires to her toilet at five P.M., and the link-boys touch their hats to her at a quarter to midnight. As she enters the "gay and festive scene," a buzz of admiration runs round the room, and in ten minutes her engagement-card is full. Henceforward she reigns supreme. What care those happy youths, whose names are down for the late dances, will take of her chaperon, for fear she should want to go before their turns come round! What scheming there will be to get her down to supper! What dreadful falsehoods the Honorable Coolman Flirtford will fabricate to edge himself in for that waltz which is played while the musicians are taking their refreshment! She is the very flower, spirit, pride—every thing else flattering that you can suggest—of the ball. But time flies; you can not dance and talk soft nonsense forever. The candles are getting low, the daylight streams in through the chinks of the shutters, and the detestable sparrows *will* chirp their welcome to the smiling morn outside. The *Virginia Saltifora* must go. Never was lady so well escorted to her coach. She is surrounded by a crowd of grief-stricken and assiduous cavaliers. A juvenile peer of the realm has darted up stairs to fetch her bouquet from the mantle-piece; a secretary of legation holds her fan; a Crimean colonel spreads the opera cloak over her lovely shoulders from behind, and a popular preacher ties the cords in front. A sucking barrister has got her broken sandal, and thinks that his fortune is made. She has rejected the proffered arm of young Willows, of the Rudd, Buckinghamshire, and the poor boy's peace of mind is ruined for a week. She bestows a smiling adieu upon all, and slides her little hand along the coat-sleeve of that dark cynical Colin Grey, who is just passing out without noticing her, and leaves her chaperon to be handed into the carriage by the lord, the soldier, the pet parson, the country gentleman, and the man of law.—Is not this being "dangerous?"

Well, I don't know. The danger I wot of is incurred when the beadle of St. George's, Hanover Square, waves aside the dirty little boys from the façade steps, and his lordship, my hero, and my heroine, his lovely and accomplished bride, are whirled away by Newman's grays into the unknown matrimonial land. Sometimes the *Virginia Saltifora* is so dangerous as utterly to destroy noble and wealthy bachelors; but, somehow or other, I do not think that, taking it as a class, it is so very "dangerous" after all. I see it about a good deal, with every charm in good fighting order, and every snare set; but where are the victims? The Crimean Colonel and the pet parson have tied opera-cloaks and been smiled upon before. The young lord will soon find out that there are plenty of *belles* ready to run after *his* bouquet, if he had one; the barrister will be told that it is a cruelty to ask a girl to marry on six hundred a year; the young squire will get over his little attack, and Colin Grey will go home, stuff a very large pipe with very strong Cavendish, and smoke it gloomily. Our *belle* is like a sportsman who, with a strong shooting-gun and heavy charges, takes aimless shots, right and left, into the middle of a covey before it is fairly off the ground. Half a dozen birds are wounded—one has its leg broken—another has to do without any feathers on its back; a third falls "winged," and running up a drain is lost, and so on. There is nothing for the bag. No execution done. Are you not acquainted with some families in which the "beauty" daughter did not make the first—or the best—match? Do you not know of instances in which that young lady's marriage has brought trouble upon herself and her friends? How many ball-room belles of—well, say nine-and-twenty—have you met about this season?

No! the real object of bachelor dread is the *Anglicana Domestica*, or English Hearth flower. This is a sort of girl that the Royal Humane Society ought to be compelled by act of Parliament to label "Dangerous." She may be found at many a fireside, but notably in country-houses about Christmas time. She is not a "beauty" like the *Virginia Saltifora*, or a professional enchantress like the *Syrena Circalibra*, though it must be admitted that she does her bootmaker credit, and that she has a large running account with the laundress. Do not run away, though, with the idea that she is plain. The shape of her head is classical, her eyes are large, kind, and lustrous, her teeth are white and regular, and her figure—perfect. Still she has not a good feature in her face. In stature she is usually *petite*, in complexion a *brunette*. She shakes no perfumed tresses under your nose; indeed, she avoids essences and scents, and is redolent only of that exquisite bouquet which suggests nothing at all but the plentiful use of cold water. I should call it the "odor of sanctity," did I dare to be irreverent and had forgotten that the saintly ones of old were not remarkable for the use of the liquid which produces it. She dearly loves a good dance, but does not talk "ball" or think "ball," and to her ear the march of intellect is not written in two-four time, and published by D'Almaine & Co.

The *Anglicana Domestica* is accomplished, as you may find at your leisure. She does not interlard her conversation with French and German words, neither will she pelt you with old red sandstone, pterodactyls, and oödic forces upon first acquaintance. Ask her to play and she will sit down, without an excuse, and run you off sparkling little Reveries, and dreamy Nocturnes, one after the other. You must not expect fire-work pieces and bravura songs. She has not a powerful voice, and is not such a goose as to think she can please you in a back drawing-room, with what you have heard from Titiens upon the opera-stage the night before. She will warble little ditties that you have not heard elsewhere, and is remarkable, generally, for having all sorts of things that other people *could* have very easily, but, somehow or other, don't find out. Thus she is never dressed in the height of the fashion, but wears what is going to be, or ought to be the fashion. Pretty girls—her companions—bow down and worship her cuff, or her wreath, or the bodice of her dress, and, "Oh! *where* did you get the pattern of that EX-quisite"—whatever it may be?—is their cry. Then our *Anglicana Domestica* gives a little laugh, and confesses that she cut it out herself yesterday; so it is borrowed and lent. She would strip the nose off her face and lend it to a friend, if it would do her any good; but, plague take the copy! it never will look like the original; and by the time it is made she has invented something else about three times as bewildering that puts it quite in the shade. Herein lies her "dangerous" character. She is the sort of girl that a poor gentleman may marry—so patient, so cheerful, so contriving, so unselfish is the British Hearth Flower. I believe that it is the easiest thing in the world to be a Duchess, though, I confess, I never was one. You have only to look





haughty, do nothing, and hold your tongue, consistently, and you will pass for an exceedingly well-bred person, and a superior being altogether. A poor gentleman's wife has much to bear, and I respect and love the home specimen when I see how well she goes through it all.

What is the consequence of this? My friend Jack Steadman—whom I have known ever since he was my fag at school—comes fidgeting into my chambers as I am writing this. He has come thus fidgeting about many times before. He had met the *Virginia Saltifora*, and was going to cut somebody's throat—probably the Honorable Coolman Flirtford's—because she did him out of that last gallop, or he was going through a course of strychnine and charcoal hot-air baths, because she would not look at him in the park. I soon got accustomed to such ebullitions. I used to give him one of my strongest cigars, and bid him sleep upon it—the blighted affection, I mean, not the cigar. He did, and smothered it. But now I see, by the expression of his countenance, that there is something serious the matter. With a shy sort of happy grin, he asks me if I remember the little girl with the big gray eyes that we met last July, at the Fizzeyman's picnic. *I* know what is coming. The little girl with the big gray eyes that we met at the Fizzeyman's picnic is an *Anglicana Domestica* of the most dangerous type. I remember calling upon her mother one day with Jack. The owner of the eyes was practicing in the back drawing-room, and Mr. Jack must needs go and turn over the music for her. I kept a sharp eye upon them while Materfamilias was recounting the horrible profligacy of her late cook. There sat the daughter in her simple morning dress, with natty little linen cuffs at her wrists and a natty little linen collar round her throat, a natty little belt round her natty little waist, and great wavy masses of glorious brown hair glistening in her natty little net. She had just concluded a piece; and, with one hand hanging on the keys, she looked up in Jack's face, while the chords were still quivering, and asked him how he liked "that." I never saw a girl look more "dangerous." I tell Jack that I *do* remember this person, and then, looking more shy and stupidly happy than before, he tells me that he is engaged to her, and "I say, old fellow, you know, you must be my best man." His best man! Hang his impudence! What else have I been to him all his life?

And so roving Jack is led into captivity. Our acquaintance, the *Virginia Saltifora*, comes in state to the evening party that is given afterward to finish up the scraps of the wedding breakfast, and dances and flirts till she can hardly stand. But nothing comes of it, and the week afterward her cousin is heard of as about to sell out of the Guards, and settle down into matrimony with one of the bridemaids to the "little girl with the big gray eyes"—another specimen of the *Anglicana Domestica* that nobody heard of before.

OUR WAR ILLUSTRATIONS.

WE devote most of our space this week to the war.

On page 273 will be found an interesting picture of the SCENE ON THE HOUSE-TOPS AT CHARLESTON during the bombardment of Fort Sumter. Reporters say that every human being in Charleston had gathered to see the fight.

On page 276 we publish a MAP of that part of Virginia and Maryland which, for the present, promises to be the THEATRE OF THE WAR. It shows Baltimore and Harper's Ferry on the north, and Richmond and Norfolk on the south, with all the principal roads, railroads, canals, rivers, cities, etc.

On page 277 will be found an engraving of the GREAT WAR MEETING in Union Square. Of this meeting the *Herald* said:

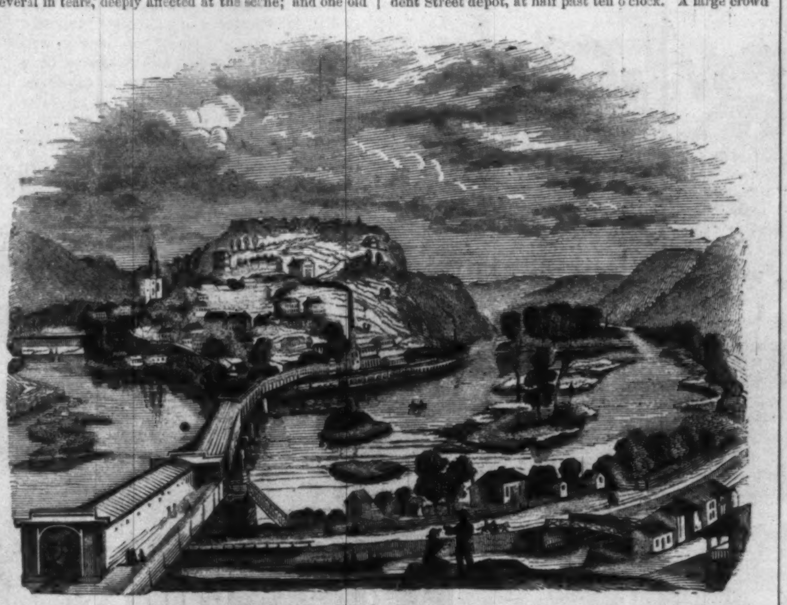
> "A great mass meeting in support of the Government, in the present crisis of the nation, was held at Union Square, in this city, on Saturday afternoon. Such a mighty uprising of the people has never before been witnessed in New York, nor throughout the whole length and breadth of the Union. Five stands were erected, from which some of the most able speakers of the city and State addressed the multitude on the necessity of rallying around the flag of the republic in this hour of its danger. A series of resolutions was proposed and unanimously adopted, pledging the meeting to use every means to preserve the Union intact and inviolate, and agreeing to the appointment of a committee of twenty-five, to represent the citizens in the collection of funds and the transaction of such other business in aid of the Government as the public interests may require. Great unanimity prevailed throughout the whole proceedings; party politics were ignored, and the entire meeting—speakers and listeners—were a unit in maintaining the national honor unsullied. Major Anderson, the hero of Fort Sumter, was present, and showed himself at the several stands, at each of which he was most enthusiastically received. An impressive feature of the occasion was the flag of Fort Sumter, hoisted on the stump of the staff that had been shot away by the revolutionists, and which was placed in the hand of the equestrian statue of Washington."

On this page we give a small picture of HARPER'S FERRY, showing the Arsenal and Workshops which were destroyed by the United States troops to prevent them falling into the hands of the Virginians. Of this spot a correspondent wrote us some time since:

> "Harper's Ferry is situated in Jefferson County, Virginia, at the confluence of the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers, on a point just opposite the gap through which the united streams pass the Blue Ridge on their way toward the ocean. The Ridge here is about twelve hundred feet in height, showing bare, precipitous cliffs on either side on the river, and exhibiting some of the most beautiful and imposing natural scenery to be found in the country. The town was originally built in two streets stretching along a narrow shelf between the base of the bluff and the rivers, meeting at the point at nearly a right angle, and named respectively Potomac and Shenandoah streets. To accommodate its increasing population the town has straggled up the steep bluff, and, in detached villages and scattered residences, occupies the level ground above—about four hundred feet above the streams.
>
> "It has altogether a population of five thousand; is distant from Richmond 173 miles; from Washington City, 57 miles by turnpike road; and from Baltimore, 80 miles by rail. Here the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad crosses the Potomac by a magnificent covered bridge, 900 feet long, and passes along Potomac Street westward, its track lying 40 feet above the river. The Winchester and Harper's Ferry Railroad, lying along Shenandoah Street, connects with the Baltimore and Ohio at the bridge. Potomac Street is entirely occupied by the workshops and offices of the National Armory, and its entrance is inclosed by a handsome gate and iron railing. Nearly at the angle of junction are the old arsenal buildings, where usually from 100,000 to 200,000 stand of arms are stored. The other buildings on the point, and nearer the bridge, are railroad offices, hotels, eating-houses, stores, shops, etc. Shenandoah Street contains stores and dwelling-houses for half a mile or more, when we come to Hall's rifle-works, situated on a small island in the Shenandoah River."

On page 280 we publish a picture of the MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT (8th) EMBARKING IN THE JERSEY CITY CARS FOR WASHINGTON. A reporter of the *Herald* thus described the scene:

> "The ferry-boat with the troops on board reached Jersey City about twenty minutes before two. Long before their arrival hundreds congregated about the ferry and railroad dépôt waiting anxiously their arrival. The railroad dépôt was crowded with ladies, who filled the balconies which extend around the building, nearly every one bearing the Stars and Stripes. The dépôt was also beautifully decorated with flags, presenting a most imposing appearance. As the troops neared Jersey City a salute was fired from the Long Dock, and the Cunard steamer *Persia* dipped her colors several times. A squad of police, under Captain Holmes, also crossed the river to tender their services to the Jersey City authorities during the stay of the troops at the dépôt. As soon as the boat had been made fast to the bridge, and the order given to forward, the band struck up the 'Star Spangled Banner,' which was accompanied by deafening cheers from the crowd in and about the dépôt. As they entered the railroad dépôt cheer after cheer broke forth, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs and flags, which lasted for nearly twenty minutes.
>
> "The train, numbering eighteen cars, and to which was attached the powerful locomotive 'Walcott,' was covered with flags, and in charge of Mr. J. W. Woodruff, Assistant Superintendent of the road. A little delay was occasioned on account of the crowd in the building blocking up the place; but the Chief of Police of Jersey City, with his men and Sheriff Francis, aided by the squad of New York police, soon cleared the way. During the time the troops were in waiting to embark on board they were continually cheered, and the ladies amused themselves by throwing to the soldiers their pocket handkerchiefs and little flags. The order being given, the several companies were marched to their respective cars, and in about half an hour they were all safely on board the train.
>
> "At one o'clock Colonel Jones informed Mr. Woodruff that all was ready, and the signal was immediately given for the train to start. The first movement of the locomotive brought out cheer after cheer, and as the train slowly glided out from the dépôt, the crowd kept up their cheers and waving of flags. Among the ladies could be seen several in tears, deeply affected at the scene; and one old gentleman cried like a child. When asked if he had any friends among the troops, he replied that he had not, but he felt as though every one who composed the little band were his own sons. There were quite a number of the New Jersey militia who accompanied the troops as far as Trenton."



HARPER'S FERRY, VIRGINIA.

On page 281 will be found a fine engraving of the MARCH OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT DOWN BROADWAY prior to their departure for Washington. The *Herald* thus sketched the scene:

> "With the band playing the national airs and the regiment's quicksteps: with the police relieving each other by turns, in frantic efforts to clear a way for the soldiery; with the line broken by the crowd, which surged backward and forward like an ocean, the march began. Through a crowd so dense that it seemed to block up the way impassably. Through walls of human beings, close, compact, unshrinking, as if the police, like a modern Moses, had parted the sea of people into living walls. Under a perfect canopy of flags, gilded by the sun with a glory as bright as that which they have always won and deserved. With cheers rolling along like enthusiastic thunders. Past buildings whose fronts were covered with flags, and above doors, windows, stoops, and balconies were jammed with people. With handkerchiefs, waved by fair hands and as numerous as the forest-leaves which the winds rustle, saluting the gallant volunteers. Past Major Anderson, who reviewed the regiment from the balcony of Ball, Black, & Co.'s building, and by his presence reminded them of war's dangers and of its glories. Past an effigy of "Jeff Davis as he would be"—hung—and with the motto,
>
> "'Jeff Davis, Jeff Davis, beware of the day,
> When the Seventh shall meet thee in battle array.'
>
> "Past mottoes more commendable and in better taste, declaring that the 'National Guard was for the Union,' and that its members should imitate 'the National Guard of 1776.' With bayonets, brightly glancing in the sun; with step firm; with bearing proud and erect, as befitted the men and the occasion, the Seventh regiment marched down Broadway. Never was a popular demonstration more brilliant and more enthusiastic. New York city is celebrated for her ovations, but even that to the Prince of Wales could not compare with this in its heartiness, its spontaneity, and its enthusiasm. The street, from Fourth to Courtlandt, was bright with the colors of our most beautiful flag, and the cheers were never remitted. All the people thronged to pay honor to the men who went to defend them, and lining the streets, crowding the Park, blockading up Chatham Street and clustering over the Museum, they looked, shouted, and cheered as they have seldom done before. The crowd parted for the soldiery to pass, but before and behind them appeared a dense, solid, impenetrable mass. Fire-engines were brought to the street-corners and jangled their bells as the Seventh passed. The buildings along Broadway are themselves a decoration, so variedly beautiful is their architecture, and so magnificent their proportions; but one accustomed to see only the everyday Broadway can form no idea of it as it appeared yesterday, flaunting with flags and packed with tier upon tier of people, from sidewalk to house-roof."

On page 282 we illustrate the SAILING OF THE TRANSPORTS FROM NEW YORK, on Sunday, April 21, with Volunteers for the War. The *Herald* said:

> "The bay never appeared to more advantage than it did yesterday on the occasion of the departure of the transport fleet for Washington. From an early hour in the morning until sunset, yachts, sail-boats, and other smaller crafts, filled with the friends of the troops, dotted the entire surface of the North River, and hovered around the transports until the very last moment. The ferry-boats and shipping were richly decorated with flags, and were crowded to their utmost capacity with an anxious multitude of men, women, and children.
>
> "At a quarter past five o'clock, all being in readiness on board the *Baltic*, the cables were slipped, and the vessel glided out gracefully into the stream, amidst the firing of cannon, the ringing of bells, and the hearty cheers of over fifty thousand spectators. Unlike the *Cuyler* the *Baltic* kept steadily on her course, and, heading for Staten Island, led the fleet on their voyage to the Capital. As she passed down the river, the *Empire State*, the *Cuyler*, the *Coatzacoalcos*, the *Columbia*, and other vessels dipped their colors, while steamboats blew their fog-whistles and rang their bells in honor of the occasion. The *Harriet Lane*, Captain Faunce, accompanied the *Baltic* down the bay, and led her all the way to Quarantine. The *Cuyler* soon followed in the wake of the *Baltic*, and then the *Coatzacoalcos*, *Columbia*, and *Empire State* fell in behind, and at half past six o'clock the entire fleet was under way. All along the line of the North River, reaching from Fourteenth Street to the Battery, the piers were thronged with spectators, and as the transports, one by one, moved out into the stream, there was a rush for the lower end of the city which carried every thing before it. As the dense mass forced its way along West Street, the very houses shook to their foundations with the concussion. On the water the people were equally excited, and the most frantic efforts were made to keep pace with the transports. Oarsmen strained every nerve to be with the volunteers as long as they could, but after a few minutes' vigorous pulling gave up the job in despair, and contented themselves with waving their handkerchiefs and cheering until their forms were no longer discernible to their friends on board the fast receding fleet."

On page 283 we publish an illustration of the FIRST BLOOD—viz., the conflict between the Baltimore mob and the Massachusetts regiment on 19th April. The Baltimore *Sun* of April 20 says:

> "Yesterday morning the excitement which had been gradually rising in this city for some days, with reference to the passage of Northern volunteer troops southward, reached its climax upon the arrival of the Massachusetts and other volunteers, some from Philadelphia, at President Street dépôt, at half past ten o'clock. A large crowd had assembled, evidently to give them an unwelcome reception.
>
> "Six of the cars had succeeded in passing on their way before the crowd were able to accomplish their purpose of barricading the track, which they now began to effect by placing large, heavy anchors, lying in the vicinity, directly across the rails. Some seven or eight were borne by the crowd and laid on the track, and thus the passage of the cars was effectually interrupted.
>
> "Having accomplished this object, the crowd set to lustily cheering for the South, for Jefferson Davis, South Carolina, and secession, and groans for sundry obnoxious parties. In the mean while, the troops thus delayed at the dépôt remained quietly in the cars until tired of their inaction, and apprehending a more formidable demonstration, they came to the conclusion to face the music and march through the city.
>
> "They accordingly evacuated the cars, and rapidly gathering on the street north of the dépôt, formed in line and prepared to make the attempt. The word was given to 'march,' and the head of the line had advanced some fifteen paces, when it was driven back upon the main body by the immense crowd, still further increased by a body of men who marched down to the dépôt bearing at their head a Confederate flag.
>
> "Eight of the cars started from the President Street dépôt, and six passed safely to the Camden station. The other two soon returned, the track in the mean time having been obstructed at the corner of Pratt and Gay streets by anchors, paving stones, sand, etc., being put on it by the crowd. Attempts had previously been made to tear up the track, but the police by strenuous efforts prevented it. A cart-load of sand, which was being driven along, was seized and thrown upon the track.
>
> "After considerable delay it was determined to make the attempt to march the remaining troops through the city, only about sixty of whom were supplied with arms. The remainder were recruits, and occupied second-class and baggage cars.
>
> "At the head of this column on foot, Mayor Brown placed himself, and walked in front, exerting all his influence to preserve peace.
>
> "Just before the movement was made from the cars a large crowd of persons went down President Street with a Southern flag and met the troops as they emerged from the cars. The Southern flag was then carried in front of the column, and hooting and yelling began, and as soon as the troops turned out of Canton Avenue they were greeted with a volley of stones.
>
> "At the corner of Fawn Street two of the soldiers were struck with stones and knocked down; one of them was taken by the police to the drug store of T. J. Pitt, at the corner of Pratt and High streets, and the other to the eastern police station.
>
> "The yelling continued, and the stones flew thick and fast. At Pratt Street bridge a gun was fired, said by policeman No. 71 to have been fired from the ranks of the soldiers. Then the crowd pressed stronger, until the body reached the corner of Gay Street, where the troops presented arms and fired. Several persons fell on the first round, and the crowd became furious. A number of revolvers were used, and their shots took effect in the ranks. People then ran in every direction in search of arms, but the armories of the military companies of the city were closely guarded and none could be obtained. The firing continued from Frederick Street to South Street in quick succession, but how many fell can not now be ascertained.
>
> "From Gay to South Street, on Pratt, the fight with the soldiers who marched, or rather ran, through the town, was terrific. Large paving stones were hurled into the ranks from every direction, the negroes who were about the wharf in many instances joining in the assault. At Gay Street the soldiers fired a number of shots, though without hitting any one, so far as could be ascertained. After firing this volley the soldiers again broke into a run, but another shower of stones being hurled into the ranks at Commerce Street with such force as to knock several of them down, the order was given to another portion of them to halt and fire, which had to be repeated before they could be brought to a halt. They then wheeled and fired some twenty shots, but from their stooping and dodging to avoid the stones, but four or five shots took effect, the marks of a greater portion of their balls being visible on the walls of the adjacent warehouses, even up to the second stories. Here four citizens fell, two of whom died in a few moments, and the other two were carried off, supposed to be mortally wounded.
>
> "As one of the soldiers fired he was struck with a stone and knocked down, and as he attempted to rise another stone struck him in the face, when he crawled into a store, and prostrating himself on the floor, clasped his hands and begged piteously for his life, saying that he was threatened with instant death by his officers if he refused to accompany them. He said one half of them had been forced to come in the same manner, and he hoped all who forced others to come might be killed before they got through the city. He plead so hard that no further vengeance was bestowed upon him, and he was taken to the police station to have his wounds dressed. As soon as they had fired at this point they again wheeled and started off in a full run, when some three or four parties issued from the warehouses there and fired into them, which brought down three more soldiers, one of whom was carried into the same store with the one above alluded to, and died in a few moments. The others succeeded in regaining their feet, and proceeded on with their comrades, the whole running as fast as they could, and a running fire was kept up by the soldiers from this point to the dépôt, the crowd continuing to hurl stones into the ranks throughout the whole line of march."

On page 284 we publish the group of Major Anderson's officers at Fort Sumter—THE HEROES OF SUMTER—whose biographies have been heretofore given in *Harper's Weekly*.

We publish on page 285 two pictures of the INSPECTION OF UNITED STATES TROOPS ON GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK HARBOR. Every day from twenty-five to fifty men arrive at Governor's Island from the various recruiting offices in New York and elsewhere, and are immediately drilled in squads, until they are fit to be formed into companies and drafted into regiments. Every afternoon the troops are marched out upon the grassy slope to the rear of the southeastern battery, and are drilled in every conceivable movement for the space of about one hour, and the success of this rigid training is to be very satisfactorily observed in the precision and rapidity of execution following any given order. A staff of officers usually occupy the rising ground.

Before the departure of the late expedition for Charleston not less than seven or eight hundred men, with arms and knapsacks complete, were rallied in line behind the grove of trees ornamenting the southeastern battery. After going through various evolutions, part of the troops were separated and marched past the officers' houses to the water's edge. Of the recruits on the Island it may be said that their ease and precision of movement, as well as their numbers when all together, render their appearance quite formidable, and they look like a little army. Their officers, too, show indications of being able military men.

MOVING.

THE first of May is nearly come,
  And people think of moving;
The cart and truck and wagon men
  Find business improving;
All kinds of costly furniture
  The brawny fellows lash on—
I think I'll move some things myself,
  And so be in the fashion.

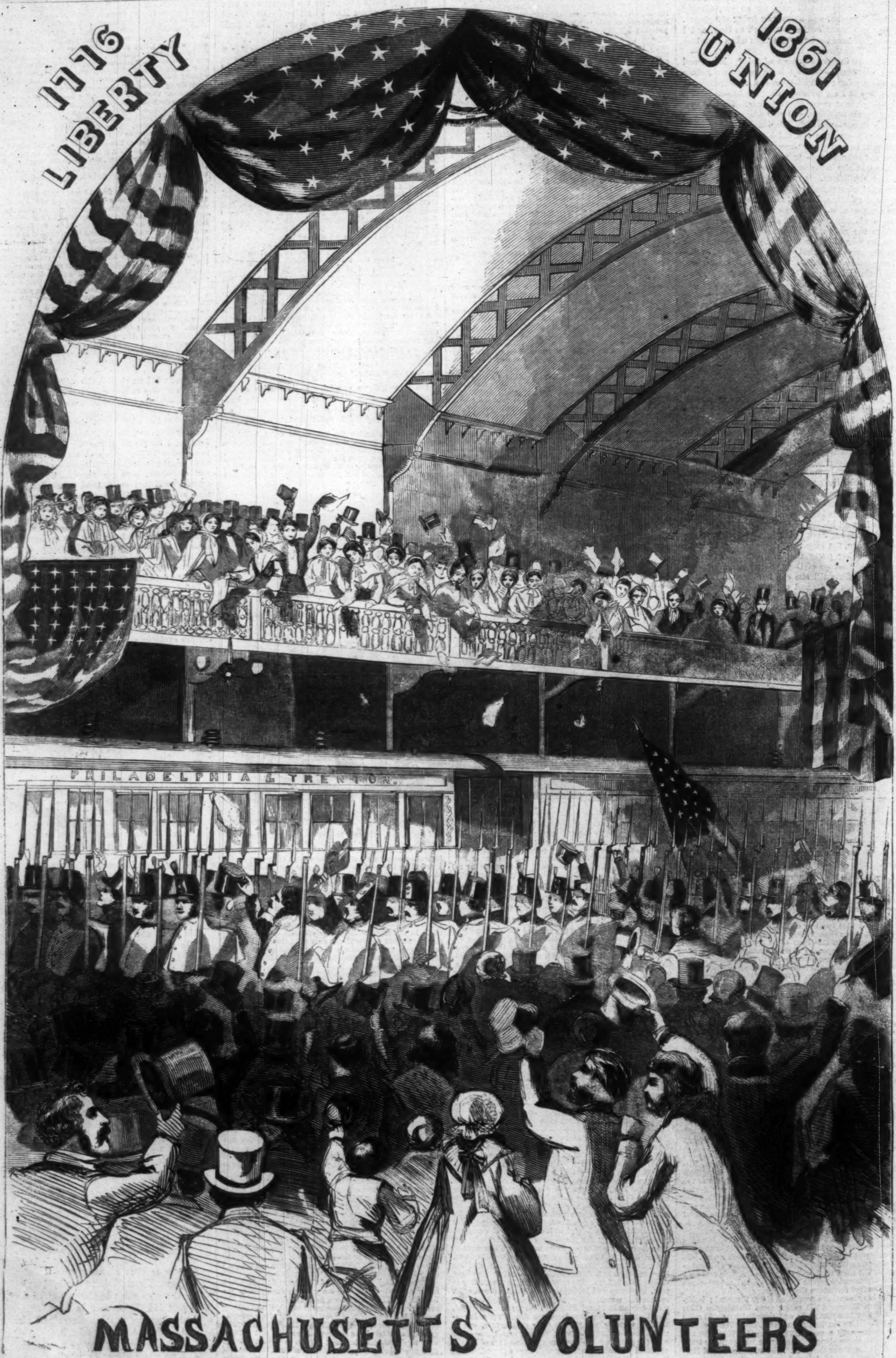
I've got a curious sort of house,
  Which never had a number;
From top to bottom it is filled
  With lots of useless lumber.
And though I live a bachelor,
  This house is never quiet;
But night and day, and day and night,
  Is given up to riot.

This curious house is called a heart,
  And although small, is roomy:
Some chambers are as bright as day,
  But some are very gloomy.
And there are pictures on the walls—
  Some beautiful and sainted,
And some that I regret to say
  Should never have been painted.

Some rooms are scented all with flowers
  And memories of my childhood—
The boyish days of innocence,
  The river, and the wild-wood.
And one is haunted by a face
  More beauteous than all others;
And my hard face grows young again
  When gazing on my mother's.

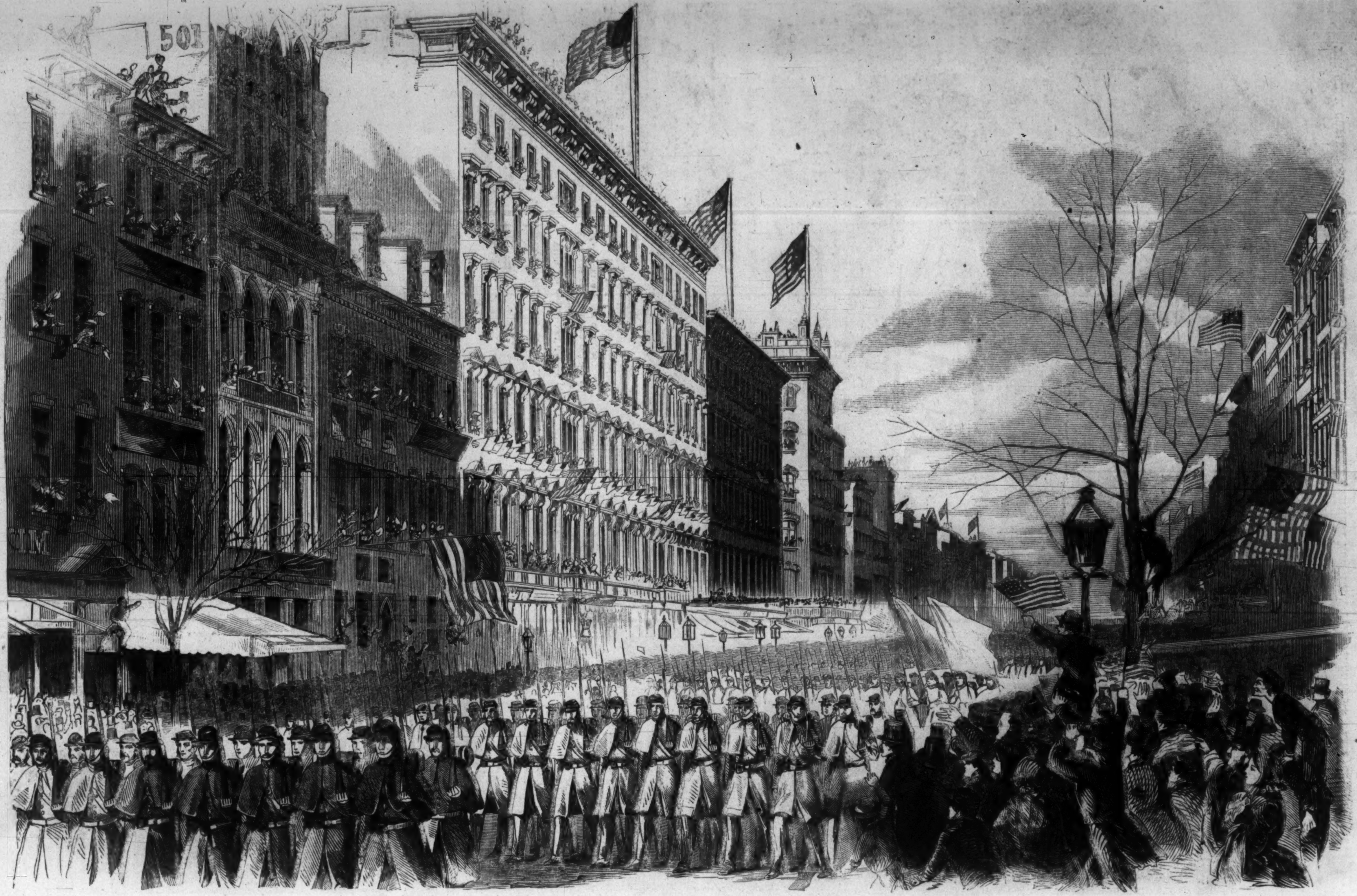
But yet, alas! in many a room
  Still hang the scents of revel,
When fellows made for better things
  Sank down to toper's level.
And there are old, revolting jests
  Still cobwebbing each rafter
With fragments of the prurient songs
  That waked the drunkard's laughter.

So now to clear all these away!
  Come, Virtue, bring your besom;
We'll sweep the vile things out of door,
  And bid the truck-man seize 'em;
And when my house is sweet and clean,
  As you and I can make it,
I think I know a pretty girl
  Who won't object to take it.

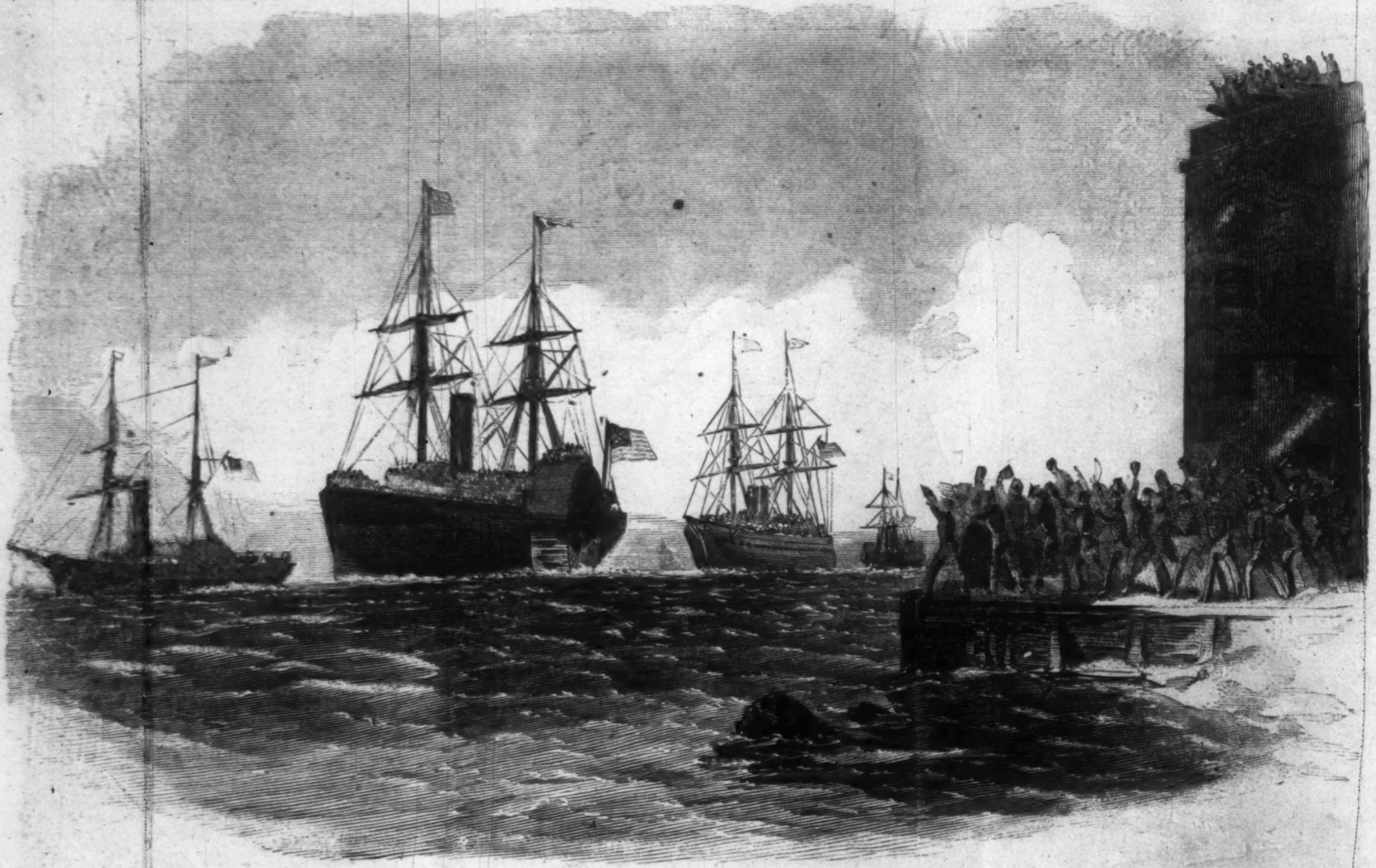

1776
LIBERTY
1861
UNION
PHILADELPHIA & TRENTON

MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS

THE BOSTON REGIMENTS EMBARKING FOR WASHINGTON IN THE JERSEY CITY CARS.



THE [illegible]NTH REGIMENT MARCHING DOWN BROADWAY TO EMBARK FOR THE WAR.



DEPARTURE OF TRANSPORT STEAMERS FROM NEW YORK FOR WASHINGTON WITH VOLUNTEERS, SUNDAY, APRIL 21, 1861.

KING OLAF.

BY ARTHUR LAURENSON.

In his high seat on the daïs,
Round him many a mighty lord,
Lost in thought, in silence brooding,
Sat King Olaf at his board.

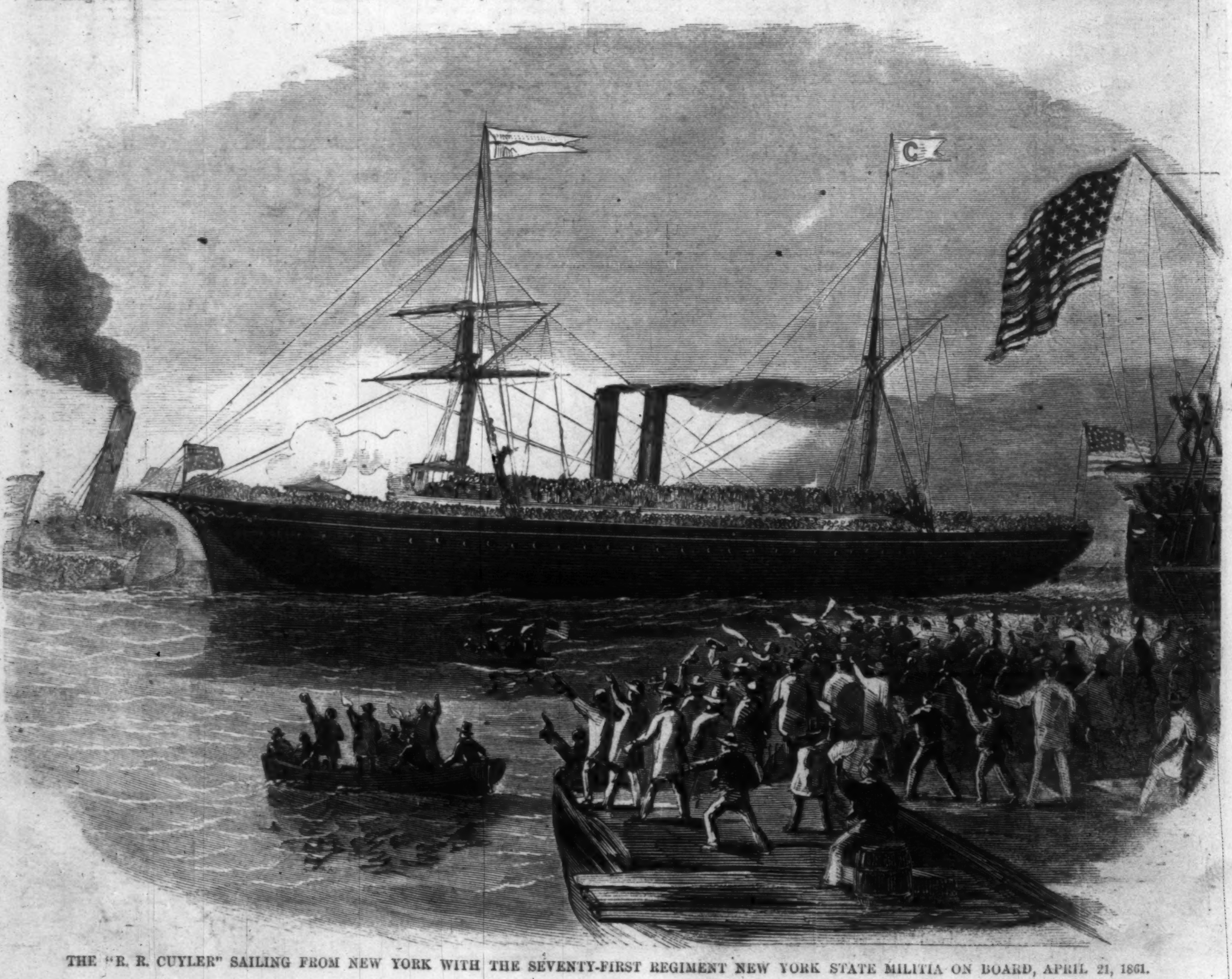
With his unsheathed dagger playing
In a half-unconscious mood,
Strikes and hews he off the splinters
From a piece of fagot-wood.

As the lords around him sitting
Mark the King's deep reverie,
"It is Monday, Sire, to-morrow,"
Says an old jarl, meaningly.

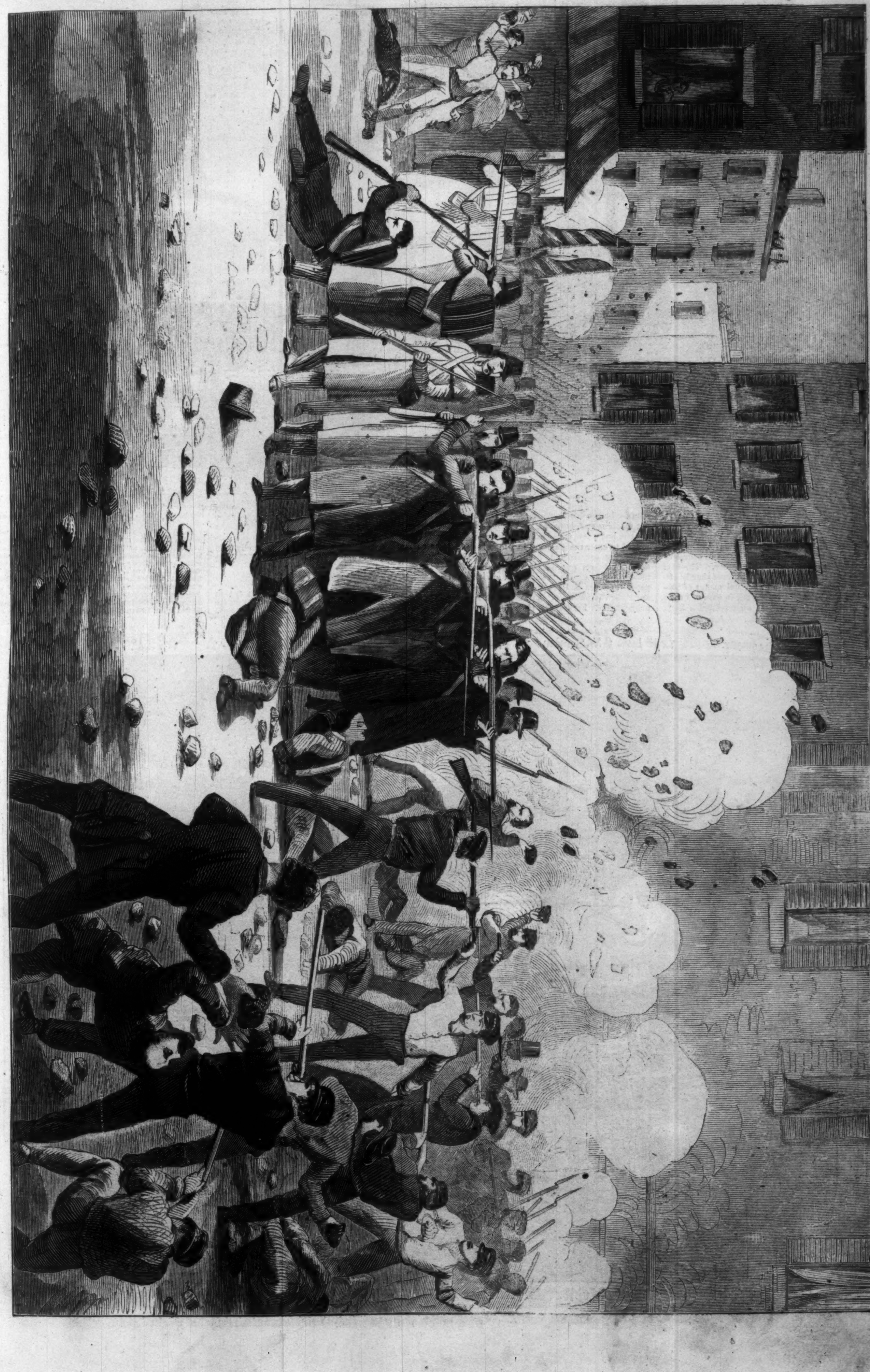
Sudden looks the King upon him:
"Bring me here a burning brand!"
Sweeps the splinters from the table—
Lights them on his naked hand.

Firm he holds it stretched before him,
Never does it backward draw—
Till the wood was all consumed,
Till he the white ashes saw.

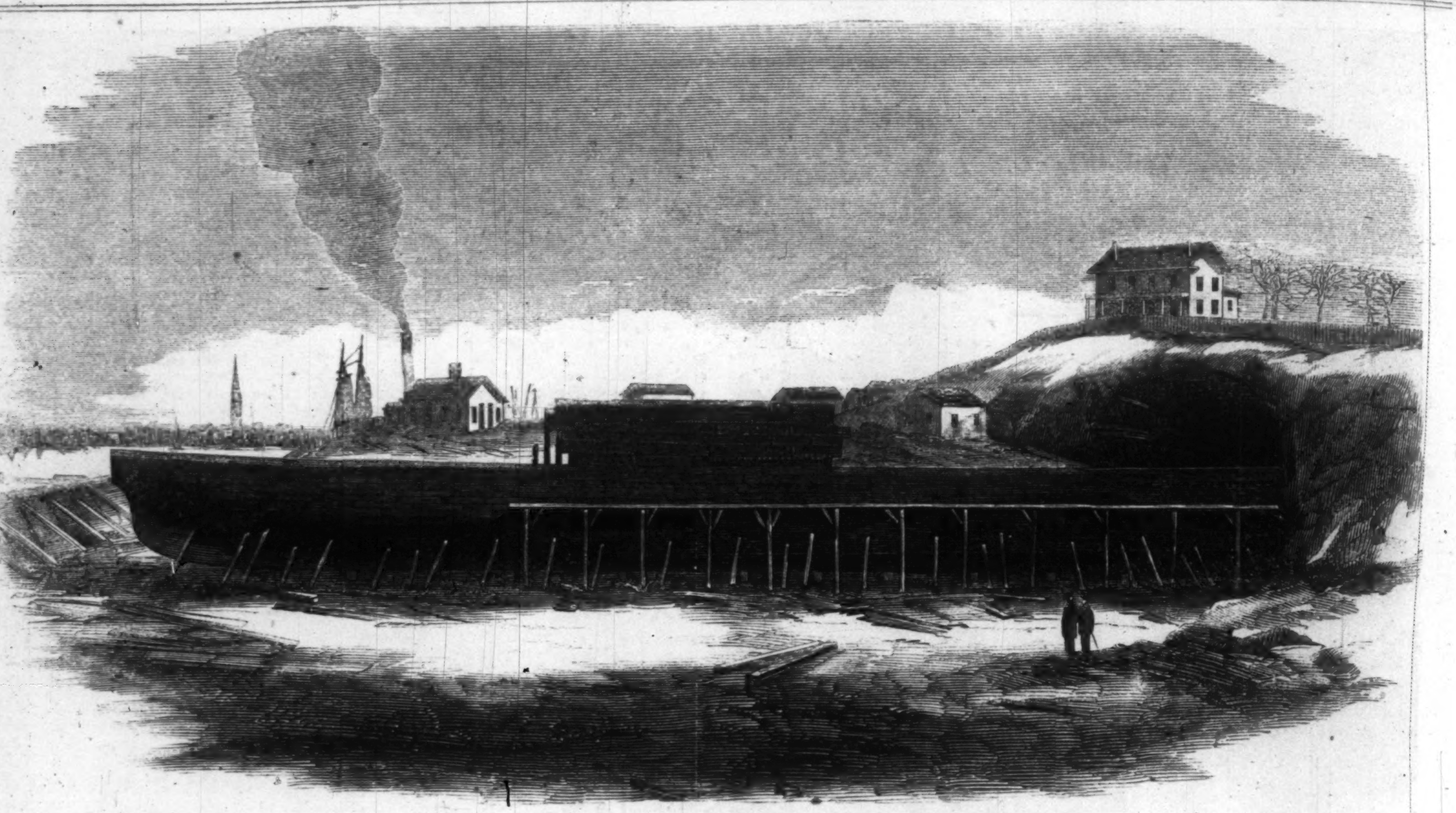
Thus King Olaf made atonement
For his trespass on God's law.



THE "R. R. CUYLER" SAILING FROM NEW YORK WITH THE SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT NEW YORK STATE MILITIA ON BOARD, APRIL 21, 1861.



FIRST BLOOD.—THE SIXTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT FIGHTING THEIR WAY THROUGH BALTIMORE, APRIL 19, 1861.



STEVENS'S BOMB-PROOF FLOATING BATTERY.

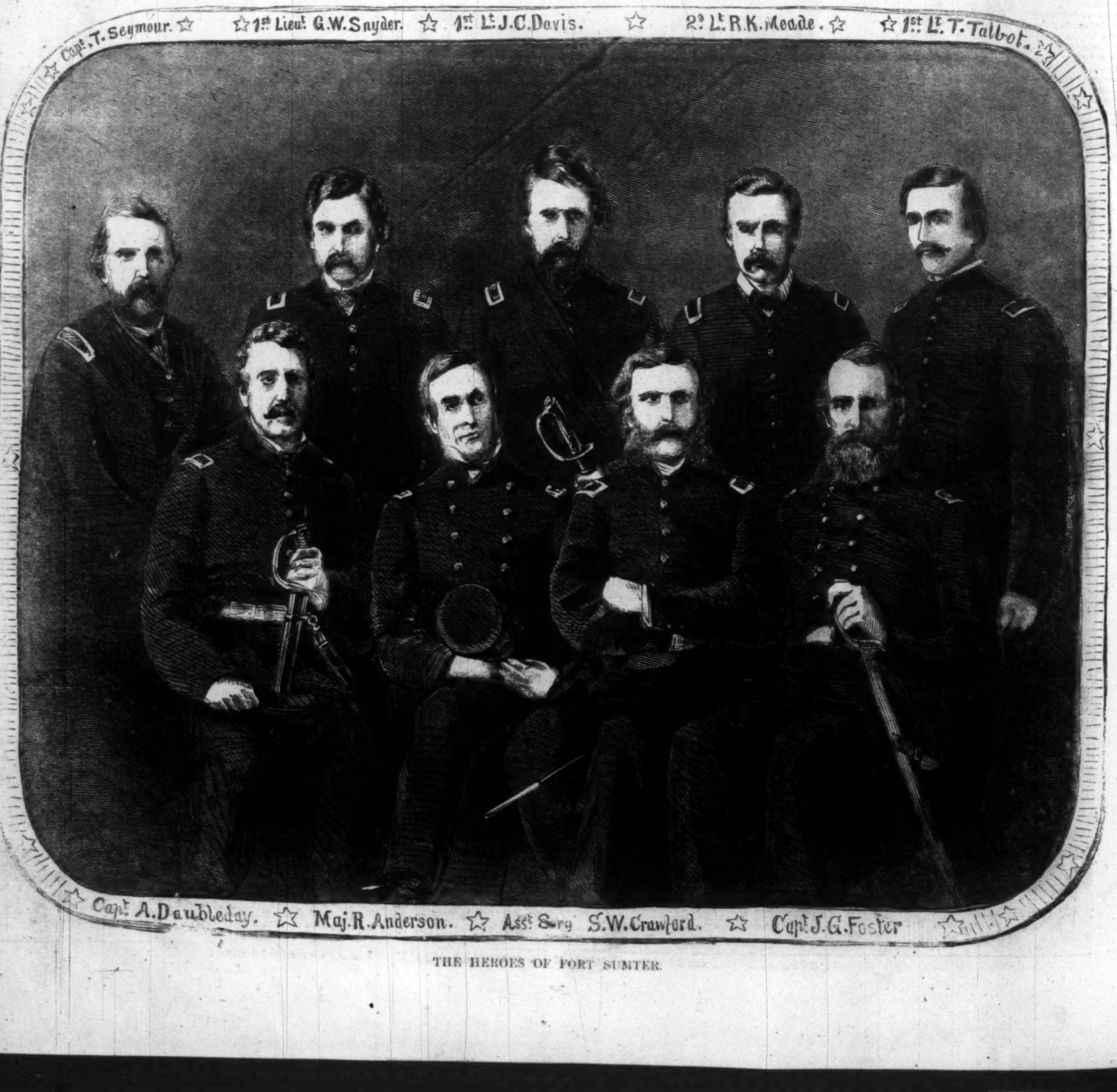
STEVENS'S BOMB-PROOF FLOATING BATTERY.

Every one has heard of the famous floating battery which has been for many years in course of construction at Hoboken, New Jersey. The idea of this battery occurred to Mr. Stevens shortly after the war of 1812, as an effectual means of protecting the harbor of New York in case of future wars, and the Government appropriated a large sum for its construction. Every thing relating to the machine was, however, kept a profound secret. No one but a few confidential workmen were permitted to enter the inclosure in which the battery was being constructed. Armed watchmen and fierce bull-dogs guarded every entrance. The most vigorous exertions have been made by newspaper reporters and others, from time to time, to ascertain the nature of the work; but all proved unsuccessful. For the first time since the work began, a reporter of the *World* newspaper, who is also an artist, penetrated the inclosure, and obtained a sketch and materials for a description of the battery. We publish herewith a drawing made from his sketch, and copy from the *World* the following description:

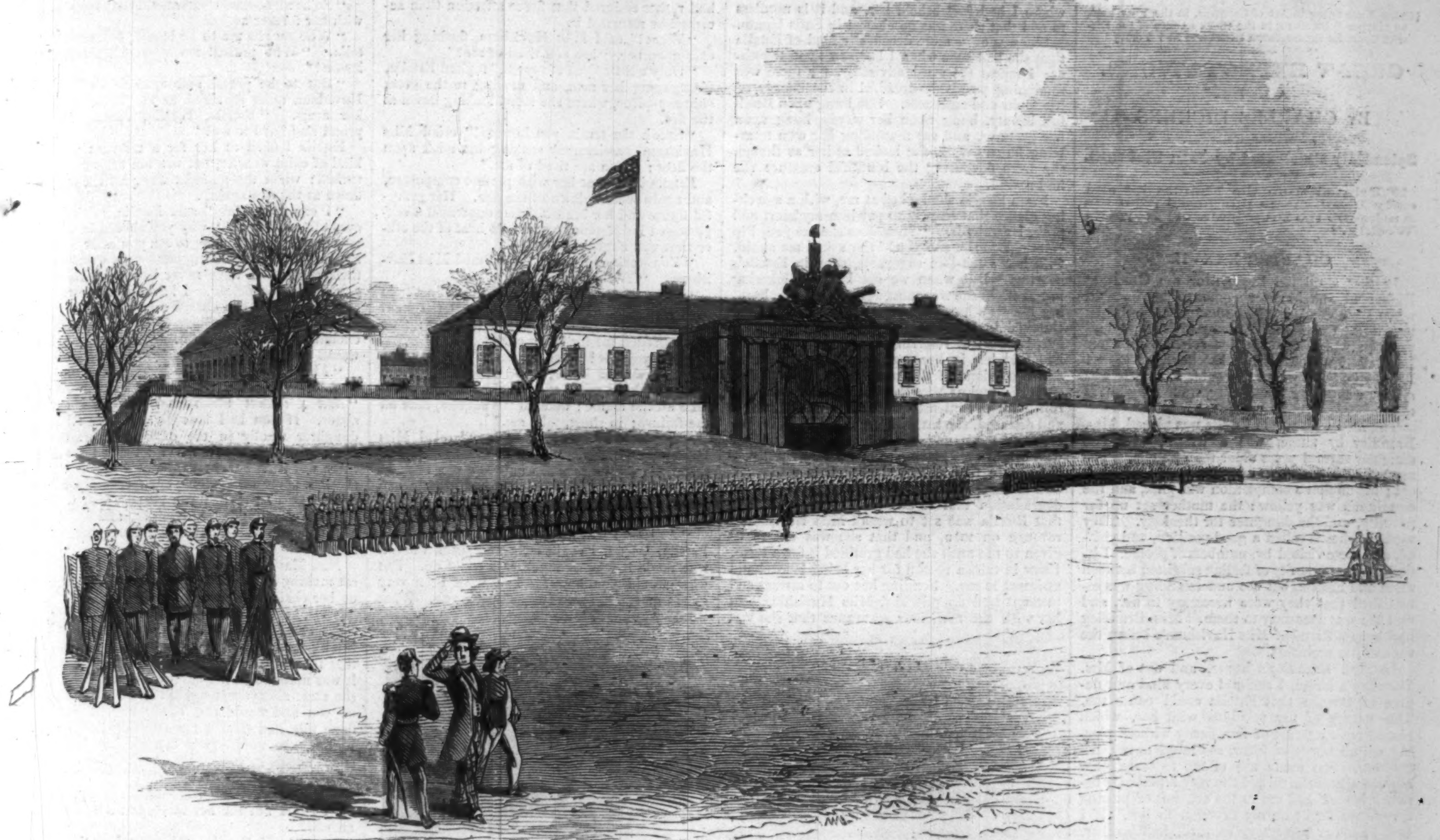
THE BATTERY.

Descending the sloping side of the dock, which is built in a rude manner, evidently designed to be used for the one purpose only for which it was constructed, we reach the bottom, which is about twenty-five feet below the surface of the yard.

Standing on the bottom, which is formed by the solid ground, near the stern of the vessel, and looking forward toward the bow, amidst the forest of shores and beams which keep the hull upright, one can not fail to be struck with the magnitude of the proposed work. It was once stated that she was 700 feet in length, with a beam of 70 feet, but had such been a true statement she would have exceeded the famed *Great Eastern* in size. As far as the judgment of our reporter could be relied upon from eye measurement, she is about 400 feet in length, with about 50 feet beam. Even at this figure she is the next to the


Capt. T. Seymour.
1st Lieut. G.W. Snyder.
1st Lt. J.C. Davis.
2d Lt. R.K. Meade.
1st Lt. T. Talbot.
Capt. A. Doubleday.
Maj. R. Anderson.
Asst. Surg. S.W. Crawford.
Capt. J.G. Foster

THE HEROES OF FORT SUMTER.



RECRUITS DRILLING IN SQUADS ON GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK.

largest vessel of which keel has yet been laid. Her huge proportions rose up like a mountain of iron as seen from the bed of the basin. Her beam spreading over so much ground adds to her colossal appearance. If she were so placed upon the level of the ground, where her outlining could stand in greater relief against the surrounding objects, her form would present a spectacle such as never has been witnessed on the shores of the Hudson River. Notwithstanding her great size, she will draw but a light amount of water; and, when completed, the front of the dock and copper dam can be easily removed, and the vessel floated out by the water, which will rush in and fill the dock where she now lies. The stern of the vessel is within a few yards of the river, the ingress of which is prevented by the means of a strong coffer dam. Heavy timber props rest against it to prevent its being forced in by any undue pressure. Following along the bottom of the dock, then mounting the staging, one enters the cave or tunnel into which the bow of the vessel penetrates about 100 feet.

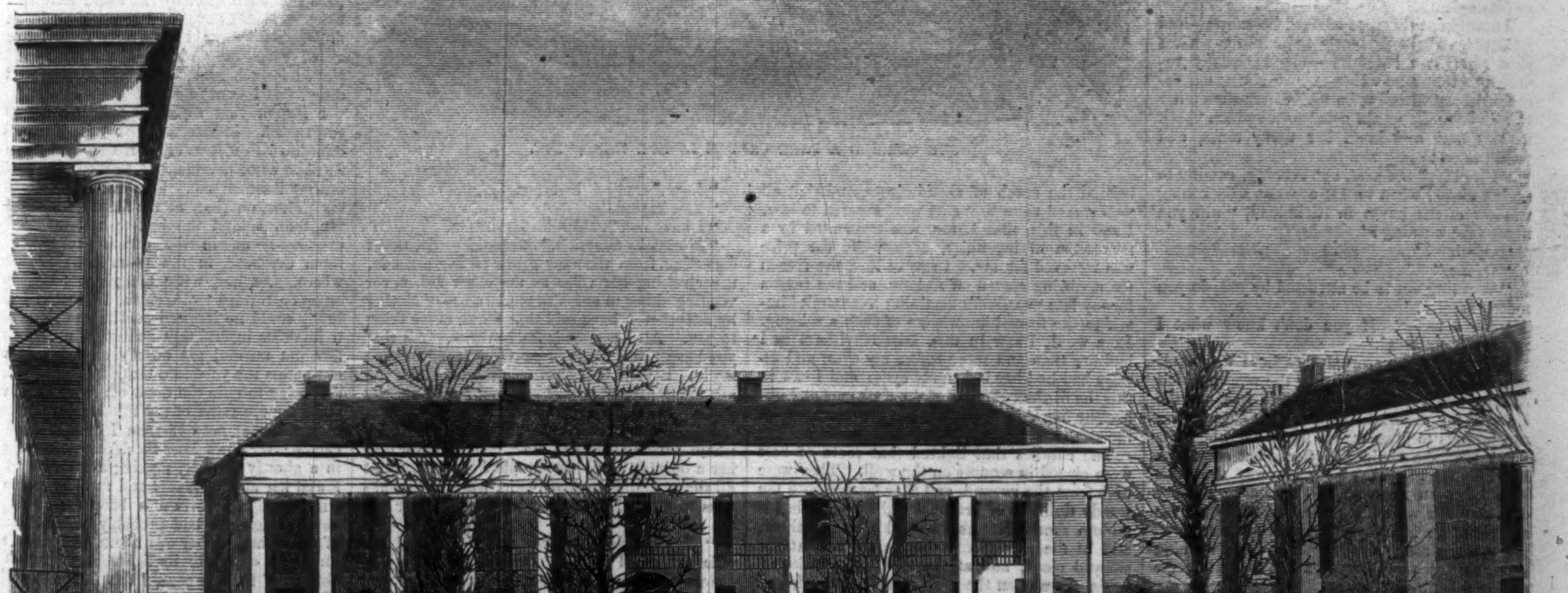
The excavation runs under the sidewalk in the street, and shelters the bow of the vessel from the weather.

THE HULL.

The hull of the vessel is built of iron plates, about three-fourths of an inch in thickness, nearly eight feet in length, and about two feet in width. These are fastened together by rivets placed at about the distance of an inch and a half from each other. The rivets below the water-line are smooth-headed, so that they will offer no resistance to the vessel's progress through the water, while those above the water-mark protrude from the vessel's side over a half inch, terminating in a sharp point. Eight is the average number of plates in depth below the water-line. The work has progressed only so far as that both forward and aft there are but two plates above the water-line; but amidships, or in the centre of the vessel, the number has increased to seven, extending only as far as the engine-room. The interior of the vessel presents a very forcible impression as regards her strength. At intervals of about two feet rise up very large L shaped bars of iron, which are the ship's ribs; two of these constitute a rib, and from the rivet holes in them it would seem that more plates are yet to be added. This is evident when we remember that she was built on the principle of having a series of plates riveted together so that spaces should intervene between each of them. The bow is very sharp, and there are good evidences that she was intended to be fortified in this locality by what is termed *dead wood;* but in this case it would be *dead iron.* Passing along aft, and on reaching the beam, or broadest part of the vessel, we find that upright stanchions or bearers have been erected. These are arranged by pairs, and are intersected by the lower-deck floor-beams, forming, as it were, two crosses joined at the transverse ends. These beams are built of heavy plate-iron, firmly united together. A portion of the deck has been laid, on which is placed her engines, which are of a novel pattern, but so dismembered that full description of them can not be given.

PRESENT ARMAMENT OF THE BATTERY.

It is said, when completed, there will be nine shells or plates of iron, with space between, making a wall twenty-seven inches in thickness. Being sharp at the bow, she can be used for cutting a vessel in two. She was designed to carry thirty guns of the heaviest calibre on her gun-deck, and mount four Paixhan guns on her spar deck, and furnaces for heating red-hot shot were to be placed in different parts of the ship. Thus built, she would prove a valuable acquisition to our harbor defenses. She will have no masts, and will probably be about 6000 tons burden.



PARADE OF UNITED STATES TROOPS ON GOVERNOR'S ISLAND BEFORE EMBARKATION.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

IF that staid old house near the Green at Richmond should ever come to be haunted when I am dead, it will be haunted, surely, by my ghost. Oh the many, many nights and days through which the unquiet spirit within me haunted that house when Estella lived there! Let my body be where it would, my spirit was always wandering, wandering, wandering about that house.

The lady with whom Estella was placed, Mrs. Brandley by name, was a widow, with one daughter several years older than Estella. The mother looked young, and the daughter looked old; the mother's complexion was pink, and the daughter's was yellow: the mother set up for frivolity, and the daughter for theology. They were in what is called a good position, and visited, and were visited by, numbers of people. Little if any community of feeling subsisted between them and Estella, but the understanding was established that they were necessary to her, and that she was necessary to them. Mrs. Brandley had been a friend of Miss Havisham's before the time of her seclusion.

In Mrs. Brandley's house, and out of Mrs. Brandley's house, I suffered every kind and degree of torture that Estella could cause me. The nature of my relations with her, which placed me on terms of familiarity without placing me on terms of favor, conduced to my distraction. She made use of me to tease other admirers, and she turned the very familiarity between herself and me to the account of putting a constant slight on my devotion to her. If I had been her secretary, steward, half-brother, poor relation—if I had been a younger brother of her appointed husband—I could not have seemed to myself further from my hopes when I was nearest to her. The privilege of calling her by her name and hearing her call me by mine became, under the circumstances, an aggravation of my trials; and while I think it likely that it almost maddened her other lovers, I know too certainly that it almost maddened me.

She had admirers without end. No doubt my jealousy made an admirer of every one who went near her; but there were more than enough of them without that.

I saw her often at Richmond, I heard of her often in town, and I used often to take her and the Brandleys on the water; there were picnics, fête days, plays, operas, concerts, parties—all sorts of pleasures, through which I pursued her—and they were all miseries to me. I never had one hour's happiness in her society, and yet my mind all round the four-and-twenty hours was harping on the happiness of having her with me unto death.

Throughout this part of our intercourse—and it lasted, as will presently be seen, for what I then thought a long time—she habitually reverted to that tone which expressed that our association was forced upon us. There were other times when she would come to a sudden check in this tone and in all her many tones, and would seem to pity me.

"Pip, Pip," she said, one evening, coming to such a check, when we sat apart at a darkening window of the house in Richmond, "will you never take warning?"

"Of what?"

"Of me."

"Warning not to be attracted by you, do you mean, Estella?"

"Do I mean! If you don't know what I mean you are blind."

I should have reported that Love was commonly reputed blind, but for the reason that I always was restrained—and this was not the least of my miseries—by a feeling that it was ungenerous to press myself upon her when she knew that she could not choose but obey Miss Havisham. My dread always was that this knowledge on her part laid me under a heavy disadvantage with her pride, and made me the subject of a rebellious struggle in her bosom.

"At any rate," said I, "I have no warning given me just now, for you wrote to me to come to you this time."

"That's true," said Estella, with a cold, careless smile, that always chilled me.

After looking at the twilight without for a little while, she went on to say:

"The time has come round when Miss Havisham wishes to have me for a day at Satis. You are to take me there, and bring me back, if you will. She would rather I did not travel alone, and objects to receiving my maid, for she has a sensitive horror of being talked of by such people. Can you take me?"

"Can I take you, Estella!"

"You can, then? The day after to-morrow, if you please. You are to pay all charges out of my purse. You hear the condition of your going?"

"And must obey," said I.

This was all the preparation I received for that visit, or for others like it; Miss Havisham never wrote to me, nor had I ever so much as seen her handwriting. We went down on the next day but one, and we found her in the room where I had first beheld her, and it is needless to add that there was no change in Satis House.

She was even more dreadfully fond of Estella than she had been when I last saw them together; I repeat the word advisedly, for there was something positively dreadful in the energy of her looks and embraces. She hung upon Estella's beauty, hung upon her words, hung upon her gestures, and sat mumbling her own trembling fingers while she looked at her as though she were devouring the beautiful creature she had reared.

From Estella she looked at me, with a searching glance that seemed to pry into my heart and probe its wounds. "How does she use you, Pip—how does she use you?" she asked me again, with her witch-like eagerness, even in Estella's hearing. But when we sat by her flickering fire at night she was most weird; for then, keeping Estella's hand drawn through her arm and clutched in her own hand, she extorted from her, by dint of referring back to what Estella had told her in her regular letters, the names and conditions of the men whom she had fascinated; and as Miss Havisham dwelt upon this roll, with the intensity of a mind mortally hurt and diseased, she sat with her other hand on her crutched stick, and her chin on that, and her wan bright eyes glaring at me, a very spectre.

I saw in this, wretched though it made me, and bitter the sense of dependence and even of degradation that it awakened—I saw in this, that Estella was set to wreak Miss Havisham's revenge on men, and that she was not to be given to me until she had gratified it for a term. I saw in this, a reason for her being beforehand assigned to me. Sending her out to attract and torment and do mischief, Miss Havisham sent her with the malicious assurance that she was beyond the reach of all admirers, and that all who staked upon that cast were secured to lose. I saw in this, that I, too, was tormented by a perversion of ingenuity, even while the prize was reserved for me. I saw in this, the reason for my being staved off so long, and the reason for my late guardian's declining to commit himself to the formal knowledge of such a scheme. In a word, I saw in this, Miss Havisham as I had her then and there before my eyes, and always had had her before my eyes; and I saw in this the distinct shadow of the darkened and unhealthy house in which her life was hidden from the sun.

The candles that lighted that room of hers were placed in sconces on the wall. They were high from the ground, and they burned with the steady dullness of artificial light in air that is seldom renewed. As I looked round at them, and at the pale gloom they made, and at the stopped clock, and at the withered articles of bridal dress upon the table and the ground, and at her own awful figure with its ghostly reflection thrown large by the fire upon the ceiling and the wall, I saw in every thing the construction that my mind had come to repeated and thrown back to me. My thoughts passed into the great room across the landing where the table was spread, and I saw it written, as it were, in the falls of the cobwebs from the centre-piece, in the crawlings of the spiders on the cloth, in the tracks of the mice as they betook their little quickened hearts behind the panels, and in the gropings and pausings of the beetles on the floor.

It happened on the occasion of this visit that some sharp words arose between Estella and Miss Havisham. It was the first time I had ever seen them opposed.

We were seated by the fire as just now described, and Miss Havisham still had Estella's arm drawn through her own, and still clutched Estella's hand in hers, when Estella gradually began to detach herself. She had shown a proud impatience more than once before, and had rather endured that fierce affection than accepted or returned it.

"What!" said Miss Havisham, flashing her eyes upon her, "are you tired of me?"

"Only a little tired of myself," replied Estella, disengaging her arm, and moving to the great chimney-piece, where she stood looking down at the fire.

"Speak the truth, you ingrate!" cried Miss Havisham, passionately striking her stick upon the floor; "you are tired of me."

Estella looked at her with perfect composure, and again looked down at the fire. Her graceful figure and her beautiful face expressed a self-possessed indifference to the wild heat of the other that was almost cruel.

"You stock and stone!" exclaimed Miss Havisham. "You cold, cold heart!"

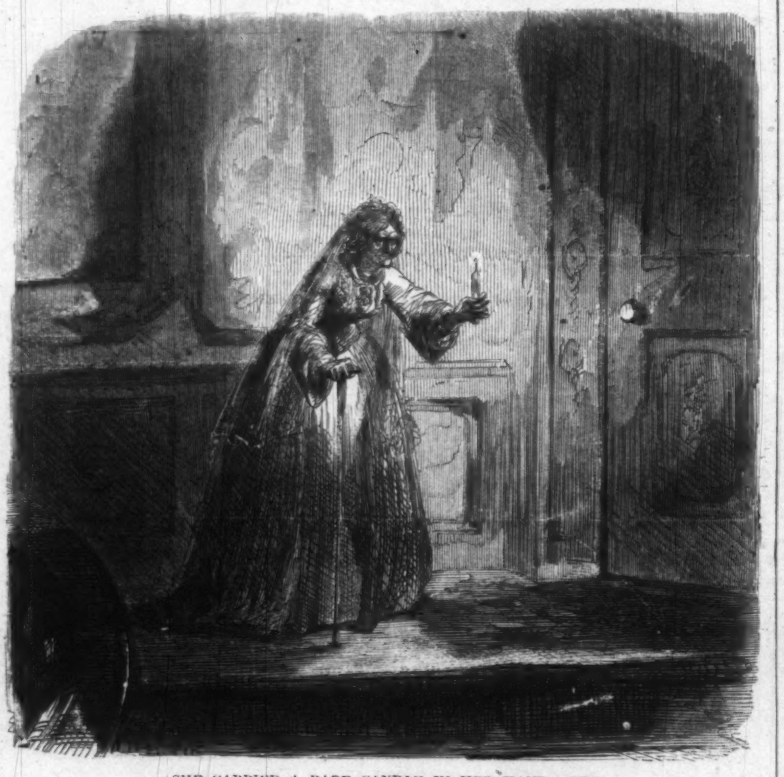
"What?" said Estella, preserving her attitude of indifference as she leaned against the great chimney-piece and only moving her eyes; "do you reproach me for being cold? You?"

"Are you not?" was the fierce retort.

"You should know," said Estella. "I am what you have made me. Take all the praise, take all the blame; take all the success, take all the failure: in short, take me."

"Oh, look at her, look at her!" cried Miss Havisham, bitterly. "Look at her, so hard and thankless, on the hearth where she was reared! Where I took her into this wretched breast when it was first bleeding from its stabs, and where I have lavished years of tenderness upon her!"

"At least I was no part to the compact," said Estella, "for if I could walk and speak when it was made it was as much as I could do. But what would you have? You have been very good to me, and I owe every thing to you. What would you have?"



''SHE CARRIED A BARE CANDLE IN HER HAND," ETC.

"Love," replied the other.

"You have it."

"I have not," said Miss Havisham.

"Mother by adoption," retorted Estella, never departing from the easy grace of her attitude, never raising her voice as the other did, never yielding either to anger or tenderness—"Mother by adoption, I have said that I owe every thing to you. All I possess is freely yours. All that you have given me is at your command to have again. Beyond that I have nothing. And if you ask me to give you what you never gave me, my gratitude and duty can not do impossibilities."

"Did I never give her love!" cried Miss Havisham, turning wildly to me. "Did I never give her a burning love, inseparable from jealousy at all times, and from sharp pain, while she speaks thus to me! Let her call me mad, let her call me mad!"

"Why should I call you mad," returned Estella, "I, of all people? Does any one live who knows what set purposes you have, half as well as I do? Does any one live who knows what a steady memory you have, half as well as I do? I, who have sat on this same hearth on the little stool that is even now beside you there, learning your lessons and looking up into your face, when your face was strange and frightened me!"

"Soon forgotten!" moaned Miss Havisham. "Times soon forgotten!"

"No, not forgotten," retorted Estella. "Not forgotten, but treasured up in my memory. When have you found me false to your teaching? When have you found me unmindful of your lessons? When have you found me giving admission here"—she touched her bosom with her hand—"to any thing that you excluded? Be just to me."

"So proud, so proud!" moaned Miss Havisham, pushing away her gray hair with both her hands.

"Who taught me to be proud?" returned Estella. "Who praised me when I learned my lesson?"

"So hard, so hard!" moaned Miss Havisham, with her former action.

"Who taught me to be hard?" returned Estella. "Who praised me when I learned my lesson?"

"But to be proud and hard to *me!*" Miss Havisham quite shrieked, as she stretched out her arms. "Estella, Estella, Estella, to be proud and hard to *me!*"

Estella looked at her for a moment with a kind of calm wonder, but was not otherwise disturbed; when the moment was past she looked down at the fire again.

"I can not think," said Estella, raising her eyes after a silence, "why you should be so unreasonable when I come to see you after a separation. I have never forgotten your wrongs and their causes. I have never been unfaithful to you or your schooling. I have never shown any weakness that I can charge myself with."

"Would it be weakness to return my love?" exclaimed Miss Havisham. "But yes, yes, she would call it so!"

"I begin to think," said Estella, in a musing way, after another moment of calm wonder, "that I almost understand how this comes about. If you had brought up your adopted daughter wholly in the dark confinement of these rooms, and had never let her know that there was such a thing as the daylight by which she has never once seen your face—if you had done that, and then, for a purpose had wanted her to understand the daylight, and know all about it, you would have been disappointed and angry?"

Miss Havisham, with her head in her hands, sat making a low moaning, and swaying herself on her chair, but gave no answer.

"Or," said Estella—"which is a nearer case—if you had taught her, from the dawn of her intelligence, with your utmost energy and might, that there was such a thing as daylight, but that it was made to be her enemy and destroyer, and she must always turn against it, for it had blighted you and would else blight her; if you had done this, and then, for a purpose, had wanted her to take naturally to the daylight, and she could not do it, you would have been disappointed and angry?"

Miss Havisham sat listening (or it seemed so, for I could not see her face), but still made no answer.

"So," said Estella, "I must be taken as I have been made. The success is not mine, the failure is not mine, but the two together are me."

Miss Havisham had settled down, I hardly knew how, upon the floor, among the faded bridal relics with which it was strewn. I took advantage of the moment—I had sought one from the first—to leave the room after beseeching Estella's attention to her, with a movement of my hand. When I left, Estella was yet standing by the great chimney-piece, just as she had stood throughout. Miss Havisham's gray hair was all adrift upon the ground, among the other bridal wrecks, and was a miserable sight to see.

It was with a depressed heart that I walked in the starlight for an hour and more, about the court-yard, and about the brewery, and about the ruined garden. When I at last took courage to return to the room, I found Estella sitting at Miss Havisham's knee, taking up some stitches in one of those old articles of dress that were dropping to pieces, and of which I have often been reminded since by the faded tatters of old banners that I have seen hanging up in cathedrals. Afterward, Estella and I played cards, as of yore—only we were skillful now, and played French games—and so the evening wore away, and I went to bed.

I lay in that separate building across the court-yard. It was the first time I had ever lain down to rest in Satis House, and sleep refused to come near me. A million of Miss Havishams haunted me. She was on this side of my pillow, on that, at the head of the bed, at the foot, behind the half-opened door of the dressing-room, in the dressing-room, in the room overhead, in the room beneath—every where. At last, when the night was slow to creep on toward two o'clock, I felt that I absolutely could no longer bear the place as a place to lie down in, and that I must get up. I therefore got up and put on my clothes, and went out across the yard into the long stone passage, designing to gain the outer court-yard and walk there for the relief of my mind. But I was no sooner in the passage than I extinguished my candle; for I saw Miss Havisham going along it in a ghostly manner, making a low cry. I followed her at a distance, and saw her go up the staircase. She carried a bare candle in her hand, which she had probably taken from one of the sconces in her own room, and was a most unearthly object by its light. Standing at the bottom of the staircase, I felt the mildewed air of the feast-chamber, without seeing her open the door, and I heard her walking there, and so across into her own room, and so across again into that, never ceasing the low cry. After a time, I tried in the dark both to get out, and to go back, but I could do neither until some streaks of day strayed in and showed me where to lay my hands. During the whole interval, whenever I went to the bottom of the staircase, I heard her footstep, saw her light pass above, and heard her ceaseless low cry.

Before we left next day, there was no revival of the difference between her and Estella, nor was it ever revived on any similar occasion; and there were four similar occasions, to the best of my remembrance. Nor did Miss Havisham's manner toward Estella in anywise change, except that I believed it to have something like fear infused among its former characteristics.

It is impossible to turn this leaf of my life without putting Bentley Drummle's name upon it; or I would, very gladly.

On a certain occasion when the Finches were assembled in force, and when good feeling was being promoted in the usual manner by nobody's agreeing with any body else, the presiding Finch called the Grove to order, forasmuch as Mr. Drummle had not yet toasted a lady; which, according to the solemn constitution of the society, it was the brute's turn to do that day. I thought I saw him leer in an ugly way at me while the decanters were going round, but as there was no love lost between us, that might easily be. What was my indignant surprise when he called upon the company to pledge him to "Estella!"

"Estella who?" said I.

"Never you mind," retorted Drummle.

"Estella of where?" said I. "You are bound to say of where." Which he was, as a Finch.

"Of Richmond, gentlemen," said Drummle, putting me out of the question, "and a peerless beauty."

Much he knew about peerless beauties, a mean miserable idiot! I whispered Herbert.

"I know that lady," said Herbert, across the table, when the toast had been honored.

"*Do* you?" said Drummle.

"And so do I," I added, with a scarlet face.

"*Do* you?" said Drummle. "*Oh*, Lord!"

This was the only retort—except glass or crockery—that the heavy creature was capable of making; but I became as highly incensed by it as if it had been barbed with wit, and I immediately rose in my place and said that I could not but regard it as being like the honorable Finch's impudence to come down to that Grove—we always talked about coming down to that Grove, as a neat Parliamentary turn of expression—down to that Grove, proposing a lady of whom he knew nothing. Mr. Drummle upon this, starting up, demanded what I meant by that? Whereupon, I made him the extreme reply that I believed he knew where I was to be found.

Whether it was possible in a Christian country to get on without blood, after this, was a question on which the Finches were divided. The debate upon it grew so lively indeed, that at least six more honorable members told six more, during the discussion, that they believed *they* knew where *they* were to be found. However, it was decided at last (the Grove being a Court of Honor), that if Mr. Drummle would bring never so slight a certificate from the lady, importing that he had the honor of her acquaintance, Mr. Pip must express his regret, as a gentleman and a Finch, for "having been betrayed into a warmth which." Next day was appointed for the production (lest our honor should take cold from delay), and next day Drummle appeared with a polite little avowal in Estella's hand, that she had had the honor of dancing with him several times. This left me no course but to regret that I had been "betrayed into a warmth which," and on the whole to repudiate, as untenable, the idea that I was to be found any where. Drummle and I then sat snorting at one another for an hour, while the Grove engaged in indiscriminate contradiction, and finally the promotion of good feeling was declared to have gone ahead at an amazing rate.

I tell this lightly, but it was no light thing to me. For I can not adequately express what pain it gave me to think that Estella should show any favor to a contemptible, clumsy, sulky booby, so very far below the average. To the present moment, I believe it to have been referable to some pure fire of generosity and disinterestedness in my love for her that I could not endure the thought of her stooping to that hound. No doubt I should have been miserable whomsoever she had favored; but a worthier object would have caused me a different kind and degree of distress.

It was easy for me to find out, and I did soon find out, that Drummle had begun to follow her closely, and that she allowed him to do it. A little while, and he was always in pursuit of her, and he and I crossed one another every day. He held on, in a dull persistent way, and Estella held him on; now with encouragement, now with discouragement, now almost flattering him, now openly despising him, now knowing him very well, now scarcely remembering who he was.

The Spider, as Mr. Jaggers had called him, was used to lying in wait, however, and had the patience of his tribe. Added to that, he had a blockhead confidence in his money and in his family greatness, which sometimes did him good service—almost taking the place of concentration and determined purpose. So the Spider, doggedly watching Estella, outwatched many brighter insects, and would often uncoil himself and drop at the right nick of time.

At a certain Assembly Ball at Richmond (there used to be Assembly Balls at most places then), where Estella had outshone all other beauties, this blundering Drummle so hung about her, and with so much toleration on her part, that I resolved to speak to her concerning him. I took the next opportunity: which was when she was waiting for Mrs. Brandley to take her home, and was sitting apart among some flowers, ready to go. I was with her, for I almost always accompanied them to and from such places.

"Are you tired, Estella?"

"Rather, Pip."

"You should be."

"Say rather, I should not be; for I have my letter to Satis House to write before I go to sleep."

"Recounting to-night's triumph?" said I. "Surely it's a very poor one, Estella."

"What do you mean? I didn't know there had been any."

"Estella," said I, "do look at that fellow in the corner yonder, who is looking over here at us."

"Why should I look at him?" returned Estella, with her eyes on me instead. "What is there in that fellow in the corner yonder—to use your words—that I need look at?"

"Indeed, that is the very question I want to ask you," said I. "For he has been hovering about you all night."

"Moths, and all sorts of ugly creatures," replied Estella, with a glance toward him, "hover about a lighted candle. Can the candle help it?"

"No," I returned; "but can not the Estella help it?"

"Well!" said she, laughing, after a moment, "perhaps. Yes. Any thing you like."

"But, Estella, do hear me speak. It makes me wretched that you should encourage a man so generally despised. You know that he is despised."

"Well?" said she.

"You know that he is as ungainly within as without. A deficient, ill-tempered, lowering, stupid fellow."

"Well?" said she.

"You know that he has nothing to recommend him but money, and a ridiculous roll of addle-headed predecessors; now, don't you?"

"Well? said she again; and each time she said it, she opened her lovely eyes the wider.

To overcome the difficulty of getting past that monosyllable, I took it from her, and said, repeating it with emphasis, "Well! Then, that is why it makes me wretched."

Now if I could have believed that she favored Drummle with any idea of making me—me—wretched, I should have been in better heart about it; but in that habitual way of hers, she put me so entirely out of the question that I could believe nothing of the kind.

"Pip," said Estella, casting her glance over the room, "don't be foolish about its effect on you. It may have its effect on others, and may be meant to have. It's not worth discussing."

"Yes it is," said I, "because I can not bear that people should say, 'she throws away her graces and attractions on a mere boor, the lowest in the crowd.'"

"I can bear it," said Estella.

"Oh! don't be so proud, Estella, and so inflexible."

"Calls me proud and inflexible in this breath!" said Estella, opening her hands. "And in his last breath reproached me for stooping to a boor!"

"There is no doubt you do," said I, something hurriedly, "for I have seen you give him looks and smiles this very night such as you never give to—me."

"Do you want me, then," said Estella, turning suddenly with a fixed and serious, if not angry, look, "to deceive and entrap you?"

"Do you deceive and entrap him, Estella?"

"Yes, and many others—all of them but you. Here is Mrs. Brandley. I'll say no more."

And now that I have given the one chapter to the theme that so filled my heart, and so often made it ache and ache again, I pass on, unhindered, to the event that had impended over me longer yet; the event that had begun to be prepared for, before I knew that the world held Estella, and in the days when her baby intelligence was receiving its first distortions from Miss Havisham's wasting hands.

In the Eastern story, the heavy slab that was to fall on the bed of state in the flush of conquest was slowly wrought out of the quarry, the tunnel for the rope to hold it in its place was slowly carried through the leagues of rock, the slab was slowly raised and fitted in the roof, the rope was rove to it and slowly taken through the miles of hollow to the great iron ring. All being made ready with much labor, and the hour come, the sultan was aroused in the dead of the night, and the sharpened axe that was to sever the rope from the great iron ring was put into his hand, and he struck with it, and the rope parted and rushed away, and the ceiling fell. So, in my case; all the work, near and afar, that tended to the end, had been accomplished; and in an instant the blow was struck, and the roof of my stronghold dropped upon me.

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